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(All information about the Magazine will be found on the
73rd page).



Standing from left to right 1 Persian Mouli Salib, 2 Mirza Mohd Ali Khan, Shujaat Shear Jung, 3 Mir Asad Ali Khan, Nizam Yar Jung, Satdarudowlah, Husamulmulk, Khankhanan 4 Raja Shivraj Dhatamwant and 5 Mohd Ali Khan

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ALL interested in the past history and traditions will be interested in the photograph which we are able to publish, thanks to the courtesy of Nawab Fakr-ul-Mulk Bahadur. This is probably the oldest photograph of the Madrasa-i-Aliya extant, and dates from about the year 1869. Many will be interested to read the names of this early group, many of them famous in the history of our State.

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Prologue.

IT is becoming more and more a matter of routine to approach the prologue, and the novelty of *The Collegian* has now worn off its newest gloss. But we think that the impetus and enthusiasm which brought us into being have not worn off, if the vast number of contributions, some before us and some at our side (for we keep the waste-paper basket there) forms any index of popularity. More and more is the literary fever spreading, and to be of the number of successful contributors is no small thing in College life.

The usual changes of the new academic year have come and lapsed into the past. Our senior classes, at least those who successfully performed the sacred rites of the Madras examiners, have gone from among us with fresh hopes and strong hearts; one hundred new *alumni* have come into the fold, and already have forgotten their first diffidence and now carry themselves with all the arrogance of fully fledged collegians. Let them look to the high water-mark which they must never allow to drop, for our results in the examinations of last March surpassed even the fine record of the previous year. Now, Collegians!

Possibly the most notable event of the bygone year was the Old Boys' Dinner, revived after a lapse of some years. Never was a more thorough revival seen. In the stately and commodious town hall, some two hundred of her offspring sat down to celebrate the College and its part in our national life. With us were the two princes of the Royal family, Sahebzahdas Prince Azam Jah Bahadur and Prince Moazzam Jah Bahadur, testifying by their presence to the real interest they have in the original institution in Hyderabad education, which still proudly bears the name of our Exalted Ruler. It was a gathering which could hardly have been equalled by any College in India, when one takes into account the eminence and status of the numerous old boys who have worked their way up to the highest positions in our State. A full account of the function

is given elsewhere, and we think that the annual dinner has come to stay as one of the great social functions of Hyderabad.

We note that there is no falling off in the laurels of our old boys; Mr. Majeedullah has taken first place in the annual examination of the Hyderabad Civil Service class, while Mr. Aibara, lately the wicket-keeper of the Cricket XI, has taken first place in his year in the Engineering Section of the Victoria University of Manchester. Our most hearty congratulations go out to them both.

In our portrait gallery for this issue, we have great pleasure in including our venerable *alumnus*, Nawab Fakr-ul-Mulk Bahadur, who stands for everything that the Nizam College represents. There very roots of our growth are entwined with the Fakr-ul-Mulk family, the very building we live in was once the dwelling house of that family, and a not-unworthy scion is one of the present junior intermediate class. When we meet some of our oldest friends, men of the type of our venerable Patron, Maharajah Bahadur Sir Kishen Pershad, and Nawab-Fakr-ul-Mulk Bahadur, we have an increased stimulus to keep up to the standard of the past. In particular would we remind the present of one lesson that is to be learned from the past, namely the great importance of high courtesy as an asset in life. In the bustle and "efficiency" of fast-moving modern times, we hope that the young men who leave us will ensure that this high tradition of the past is not broken with. One departmental head in our State summed things up in the course of a conversation, "I have found some Nizam College men who may have had their faults, but they were usually gentlemen." That is a tribute worth striving to keep in the foreground.

The Inaugural Address of Nawab Zoolcadir Jung Bahadur struck a lofty note, this year, in reminding the present of their inheritance from the past and their duties to the past. We live in a time when education all over India has gone a little lop-sided, and the acquisition of a degree of some type or other is looked on as the greatest ideal of education. Our continued reputation has arisen from the fact that the College has never fallen into that error, but that our main ideal has been to produce men of a certain type, with qualities of initiative and integrity that carry their own appeal far better than any

printed diploma or satin gown. That this may long continue must be the wish of all who have the welfare of our Dominions at heart.

All this should be reflected in our magazine. We are gratified by the number of contributions which come along, and by their quality. Strange that the Senior B.A. Class should never take a prominent part in contributing! Is it the fact that the sands of time are running nearer and nearer to next March?

Since our last issue, we have welcomed as new members of our Board of Governors Nawab Jivan Yar Jung Bahadur and Raja Giri Rao Bahadur. The former is one of our own old students, and a brother of our popular Home Secretary. What more need be said?

Carry on, Collegians! Let the present year be a notable one in the history of the College. Let the high level of last year not deter you from attempting yet higher.

We have to thank Mr. Abdus Samad Khan for his labours in preparing this issue, and also the numerous students who have submitted contributions. With best wishes to everyone in the College, from,

The Editor.



The Nizam College Tradition.

THE following address was delivered by Nawab Zoolcadir Jung Bahadur at our inaugural meeting:—

"It is with real pleasure that I have come here to-day, at the invitation of the President, to speak to the students of the Nizam College at the opening of a new College year. I very much appreciate this opportunity of getting into touch, even though it be only for half an hour, with the most hopeful part of humanity, the rising generation. And, remembering the great names of some who have addressed you on this occasion in the past, I consider this invitation as an honour done to me.

My first, most pleasant duty, is to compliment the College and your worthy Principal on the notable achievements of last year; after which I shall try to give you some advice which may be useful to you in the future, as from a man of some experience of the hard facts of life to men who have yet to gain that necessary but often unwelcomed commodity.

In the past year there was the record number of *twelve* First Class passes in the Intermediate examinations. On the percentage of First Class passes, our Nizam College had the distinction of beating all the other colleges in the whole of the Madras Presidency. In the B.A. Class, the percentage of passes was 66, while the general percentage for the whole of Presidency and its affiliated States was only 44. The Science results were particularly excellent. Fewer students were detained in the promotion examinations than ever before which shows that time has not been wasted and the general condition of the College has been seen to be most satisfactory. The Nizam College, I am glad to see, is not standing still; it is pushing forward with an irresistible determination to be first in everything.

Then the Old Boys' Dinner which took place not very long ago marks an epoch in the history of the College because it was graced by the presence of the Heir-apparent Prince Walashan Azam Jah Bahadur and his brother Prince Walashan Moazzam Jah Bahadur. Two hundred sat down to that dinner the company including most of the leading officers in the State and several of the great nobles. The College was able for the first time to realise, in face of all those high placed old students, the important function it has been fulfilling in the State for half a century. The toast proposed at the Dinner by two present students, Abdus Samad Khan and Ragotham Reddy was much appreciated, and remains among my pleasant memories of that memorable evening.

The Nizam College has established a tradition of its own. And the value of that tradition you students will be able to appreciate more fully in later life than you do now; but even now, without your knowledge, it is here in this hall and in these buildings, surrounding all you do, shaping your thoughts, your character, and sustaining you. It is a fine thing for a man to have a good tradition behind him. It means that he will turn naturally towards good and noble things, and as naturally turn away in disgust from anything mean and ignoble. In the future you will often come to the branching of two ways, and it is this tradition, rather than your learning, that will make you choose the right way. There are lines of action which are quite unworthy of anyone who has passed through the Nizam College. Other people may follow them: you may not, because you have the honour of the College and your own honour at heart. That is what we mean when we say that any institution, any nation, any family, any individual, is supported by a great "tradition." You belong to an institution which produced such gentlemen as His Excellency Maharaja Sir Kishen Pershad, Nawab Fakr-ul-Mulk and others too numerous for me to mention in the time at my disposal; and you must never, by your conduct let them down or bring the least discredit to the College which bears the name of our beloved ruler.

What is the English "public school spirit," of which we hear so much in India? It is simply the tradition dwelling in old famous English Schools which inspires the men who come

forth from those schools and enables them to decide instinctively and at a glance what is possible, what is impossible, for a gentleman to think or say or do.

Now a word to you senior students who are just entering on your final year. One of the most distressing of present problems of our country is the growth of unemployment among graduates and other educated men, who generally confine their ambition to Government service. This problem hardly exists for First Class men; for them there is always room; we are on the look-out for them; they are snapped up at once, especially the Nizam College graduates, whose merits every Head of a Department knows from experience. It is only the bare pass-man who has to hunt for a job. The need of First Class men was never greater than it is to-day. All who pass in the First Class should look forward to entering the service of His Exalted Highness the Nizam, and working for the State. They should think of no other career, because the State is in need of their services.

And to the average students I say: aim at a First Class. Even though you fail to get it, you will do better than if your idea has been just to scrape through somehow. And if you fail to get a First Class, and afterwards fail to secure Government employments do not waste away your youth in blaming Government. The blame is not with Government. The blame lies with certain economic laws which govern human life and seem immutable, wherever supply exceeds demand, there will be a surplus thrown aside. But here it is only in Government service that the glut exists. There is an open, almost a virgin field before you in other directions. In the Nizam's Dominions we have need of industrial and agricultural enterprises which only men of education and initiative can plan and execute. Invent new trades, professions, industries, of which our country manifestly stands in need. Do not hang as a dead weight on the Government. Do as the Europeans have done! Explore new avenues, and you will find the Government ever ready to support and help you in such enterprise.

To the newly-joined students also I have a word to say: School days are over. There is now no supervision of class by a master. Here, in College, lectures are given to large

classes, and every student has to do his work without driving. Now it depends on a man's own self what happens to him; all get equal opportunities and the worker will come to the top. The great temptation, as all of us who have been to College know, is to waste time at the beginning of term. Beware of that! You think that you can make up the lost time by cramming later on. Believe me, you can never do so, without damage to your health.

Try to absorb the tradition which so many generations of Nizam College students have left behind them in these precincts, and add to it by refusing to be average and commonplace.

Many of you are starting what is practically free University education, so generous is the number of bursaries. This is almost unique, and shows the great interest which the Government of His Exalted Highness takes in the advance of learning and the welfare of poor students. For this you have good reason to be grateful to the Government.

The policy of improvement which your Principal has undertaken has given rise to some misunderstandings. There have been grumbles at the difficulty of obtaining admission to the College. To clear this up, let me assure you that this year *not one local* candidate has been refused admission. The numbers of the Science section have been raised to a point which makes the laboratories over-crowded and throws much additional work on the Science and Mathematics staff; but they do not complain. Over 100 candidates from outside the Nizam's Dominions have been refused admission. The Nizam College is, of course, primarily for the Nizam's own people.

The College, containing as it does Muslims, Hindus, Parsees and Christians, representative of the various peoples of these Dominions, forms a training-ground for the spirit of splendid "give and take," which is the spirit of good citizenship. Here all the young men of different communities associate together with one common aim, the honour of the College and deep devotion to your sovereign. It is thus that common loyalty becomes a habit, and when those men go out into the world they are able naturally to transfer that loyalty to the country which belongs to them all, just as the College belonged

to them all, and to its Exalted Ruler. In the College here are no politics; all try to forget differences of religion and remember only the essential points which all creeds have in common.

It is good to know that now, under the Tutorial System, all you students play games. The days of the emaciated, blear-eyed bookworm are past. If he exists, he now finds it requires more energy and trouble to avoid the games system than it does to play. Every employer is influenced by the physical appearance of a candidate, and for many Government posts—for example the Hyderabad Civil Service—a stiff medical examination must be passed. Every man can improve his own health, physique and appearance by cultivating his body. In all your games remember that the Nizam College has the reputation of winning with modesty and losing with a smile.

And, lastly, all you students must support the College Union. The Union, as its name implies, is the common ground on which all classes meet. Here young students and veteran members of the Honours classes get to know one another. In practice, the Union is, and must be, run by the students themselves; and the ambition of all should be to hold office. The office-bearers in the College Union are often found to be the office-bearers of the State in after life. But remember:

"They also serve who only stand and wait"—and listen and observe and learn while waiting.

I wish you all a happy and successful year, with yet more Honours for our Nizam College.

NAWAB ZOOLCADIR JUNG BAHADUR.



“An Early Proof”.

I

THESE were the days when the power of the East India Company was firmly established on the West Coast of India. The island of Bombay, with the surrounding small isles, was the head-quarters of the English ships. But yet the times were not safe, and the English ships had not only to wage naval wars with the French and the Dutch vessels in the Indian Ocean, but had also an equally important function to perform, in stamping out the piracy that infested the coast of Malabar, from Bombay in the North right down to Calicut.

Darlon, the Captain of the ‘Sea-bird,’ with six other assisting brigs had successfully captured and punished many pirates, and this had won for him great fame. Recently, he had captured the notorious pirate-chief Pisaro, the terror of all mariners and the scourge of the West Coast. But with astounding, daring, cunning and audacity, Pisaro had managed to escape from the prison, to the great dismay of Captain Darlon and to the panic and consternation of all seafarers.

Bombay was only a small hamlet at that time, and in a spacious house very near the coast Captain Darlon lived with his small family. As he was out on duty, Mrs. Darlon resided in the house with her son Tom and two servants. She had not heard from her husband for a long time and expected a message.

Tom was a lad of fourteen, and from his childhood had contracted a strong love of adventure. It was two in the afternoon, one day, when Tom returned to his house, which he had left just after his breakfast. He was accosted by Mrs. Darlon, who wrathfully waited for him in the veranda.

“You must mend your ways a little, Tom,” she broke out, “and see you don’t disgrace the name of your father. He has great misgivings about you and is very gloomy about your prospects.”

"Never mind mother, that's all right. But tell me why don't you press father to take me in the navy? I know I am born to serve on the seas and make a mark there. But father seems to be strongly against my designs."

"Well, Tom, he knows better than you do, since he is Captain of the 'Sea-bird'. But mind I won't say a word for you unless I see a reform in your ways. You must give us proofs of your ability."

Tom swallowed his lunch and was off again with his gun, and returned late at night. He was very weary and soon retired to bed.

After a little while, there was a loud knock at the door, and the servant who answered it, saw two tall strangers.

"Is Master Tom in?" questioned the one who evidently seemed to be the master.

"Yes, Sir, he is abed" answered the servant.

"Wake him up for God's sake, and let us see him at once" the stranger insisted.

"What is the matter, Sir; what on earth is your business with Tom at this hour?" interrupted Mrs. Darlton striking in. The loud knock and the impatient footsteps had brought her to the door.

The stranger eyed her with seeming respect.

"Are you Mrs. Darlton? Well, then, we will as well speak our mission to you as to Master Tom. We come from Mr. Johnson. He is back home from the seas just now, and has important news from the 'Sea-bird' to deliver. It is all private, he says, and would not speak a word until one of you sees him in person."

"Let me see this Mr. Johnson at once, mother" said Tom, who had hurriedly dressed himself and who now appeared on the scene, a little indignant at this disturbance in his rest.

"Well, Tom, you better go and see" said Mrs. Darlton, thoughtfully, "and take Wilmot with you for escort."

Tom and Wilmot followed the strangers out of the garden gate. The sky was cloudy and the moon was partly obscured. The dim lamps on the posts only intensified the outer

darkness. But Tom knew the road well and sped on with the rest without flinching. The perfect silence of the night was only interrupted by the barking of stray dogs.

Scarcely had they covered half the way to Mr. Johnson's when with a bewildering agility, the two strangers turned round upon Wilmot, and felling the unfortunate attendant, pinioned him hand and foot with a strong rope that they carried, gagged his mouth before he could raise a cry, and left him in a bush by the wayside. Then they returned to Tom, who stood there stunned with fear and confusion.

"It's no use crying for help, Master Tom," said the master ruffian, "for if you do we will be forced to gag you too."

"But what means this devilry and what have you deceived me and my mother for?" cried Tom, now fully recovered, looking at them with indignation.

"That you will know presently" was the curt reply—
"Please to follow us a little."

II

A beautiful dark coloured frigate lay at anchor at the mouth of an estuary, two miles south of Bombay. In a lavishly decorated cabin, two men were engaged in conversation. A bottle and two glasses lay empty on the table.

"So you have him safe in chains, Mr. Sandles? Is he prepared to write to his father for ransom?" questioned the man who was evidently the superior, in a tone resembling the crackling of a rusty hinge.

"Safe in manacles in the forecastle. But as to his ransom, Sir, I am doubtful. He is a pert imp and would not listen to any of my proposals."

"I will speak to him myself. Get him in."

Mr. Sandles, the Commander of the frigate, left the apartment. It was he who had enticed Tom away from home. He was the first assistant of Pisaro, who had escaped from prison, and was now on board his frigate called by sailors the 'Devil's Eye.'

In a short time Tom appeared before the pirate-chief. He was heavily chained but looked calm and determined.

"Master Tom, I have more reasons than one for taking revenge upon your father. But, considering your age, I have resolved not to take your life. If you write to your father about your situation and ask him to ransom you, we will readily discharge you over a receipt of £1,000."

"I tell you Pisaro, I will not write a word to my father about my ransom. You are a pirate and a scoundrel and have escaped hanging."

"I have no time to give you reasons, I only gave you an alternative; but if you want to die, you wilt, and a very miserable death it will be" burst out Pisaro with savage look and flashing eye.

"I care not in what way you take my life; but mind, you are treading on the tail of a serpent" replied Tom with a determined look.

"Put an inch of your blade in his ribs, Sandles; the rogue seems to be a little too proud."

But just then a thundering knock resounded through the cabin, and Captain Pisaro ordered the lad to be removed to his cell for the time.

"A brig on the port-bow" came a voice from the forecastle. Pisaro rose and his small dark eyes swept the horizon through his glass. His frigate had left the mouth of the estuary far behind and was pushing forth for the open sea at a high speed. The sails were all unfurled and the summits of the Western Ghats were passing slowly out of sight, over the surging waves.

Not far away on the Southern horizon a stately brig was advancing rapidly, like a hawk on its prey. The British flag waved superbly from the mizzen mast.

"Clear away for action, there" cried the pirate in his croaking voice "cast loose the main deck guns and ready for action, boys."

"Surely, it is the 'Sea-bird'," grinned Mr. Sandles. "Well, we will send both father and son to hell together."

Round came the brig, the deep blue water of the Arabian Sea creaming under her forefoot, until the thick cluster of men, who peered over her bulwarks were in full view.

The piratical craft was also brought round and the two now moved side by side, within easy pistol shot, pouring their broadsides into each other in a murderous duel, under the burning tropical sun.

III

The youthful prisoner on the 'Devil's Eye' saw from his cell the deck cleared for action, the ropes made fast, the ports of the magazines opened, and heard the drums beat to quarters.

Both vessels poured in their volleys and were lost in smoke.

In the great haste and confusion on the pirate's frigate, the daring lad saw his chance, and began to work slowly at his manacles, with a rusty knife and hammer that he picked up from the corner, under cover of the smoke and thunder of the guns.

Tom had soon shaken himself free from the irons and was about to plunge overboard, when to his great alarm, he saw the main mast of the 'Sea-bird' collapse with a crashing sound upon the port guns, under the weight of the enemy's broadside. He also heard his father yell:

"Swords and cutlasses, lads, and down upon the boarders if they touch."

The deck of the 'Sea-bird' was steeped in blood and the guns were silent with the dead bodies of sailors piled all around. The piratical craft seemed comparatively better off, and the swarms of pirates were unfurling their sails in great glee to greet the 'Sea-bird' in a deadly embrace.

But the 'Devil's Eye' was not destined to touch the 'Sea-bird.' The youthful adventurer who had so far only thought of escape, now determined to escape with a vengeance. An idea struck him. He saw that the mariners had practically forgotten him. He saw Pisaro chuckling within himself at the

other end. He fumbled in his pockets and took out a piece of flint; the ports of the powder magazine lay open before him. He struck a spark and with a triumphant halloo, plunged headlong into the roaring waters beneath. Next followed a terrible glow and a thundering crash, and in another moment, the pirate's frigate was lost in a dense cloud of smoke.

Slowly as the smoke cleared, the Captain of the 'Sea-bird' looked over the deck, but instead of the frigate he observed a youth struggling in the waves and trying to make for his brig.

"Save the lad, save him, take him up" he cried and a dozen of the crew immediately dashed overboard to save the lad, who by his ingenuity and intrepidity had saved them from the piratical attack.

Tom was soon on board the 'Sea-bird', and as the father pressed his son close to his heart, he could observe the dark planks of the enemy's craft, washed by the waves all around their brig. Every part of the 'Devil's Eye' was shattered to pieces as a result of the terrible explosion.

S. K. GOKHALE,
B.A. Honours, V.



Golconda.

GRIM and gaunt stand the rocks of Golconda,
Ringed by the blue vault of the Deccan sky;
Like to the eyrie of a long-dead eagle;
Home of a warrior race in the days gone by.

Where are the mighty kings who lived so gladly?
Where are the glories once the proud did boast?
Where is the hero soul who, fighting madly,
Rushed out to match his sword against a host?

The last sun strikes the stately domed tombs
Of byegone kings with sacrificial fires;
Then dusk, and ghostly flying-foxes wheel
Athwart the gloom, and round the lofty spires.

The night breeze stirs the wreckage of the palms;
A cool sweet peace descends like holy dew.
A thousand voices whisper, myriad balms
Of ancient perfumes fill the place anew.

So seems it now as in the ancient world,
When warriors rested in cool eventide
A little, and the royal flag was furled,
That the fierce might of Aurangzeb defied.

Perchance of nights the hero soul returns
To wander for a little without pain
Mid loved scenes, and in his heart still yearns
For ancient glories that shall live again.

W. T.



The Old Boys' Dinner.

MR. TURNER, the Principal of the Nizam College, tells me that he has reserved some pages of the 'Collegian' for the exclusive use of the Old Boys. It is very kind of him to think of the Old Boys, and I expect the Old Boys will, in future, make the best use of this generous offer.

I have been asked to give here an account of the Old Boys' Dinner of March last, which was admittedly the most successful non-official function ever organised in Hyderabad in recent times.

Post-prandial speeches are rarely meant to be remembered. Efforts to recollect what was said are confronted by the memories of what was eaten and the very nice and subtle jokes that passed across the table, with the result that one feels more disposed to rely on 'what could you have said' instead of 'what had been said.' Anyway, I shall try to give below a brief summary of what I think the speakers said.

The Old Boys' Dinner was a much looked-for revival. During the past decade, the function had almost lapsed into oblivion. It was only resuscitated by the strenuous efforts of the present managing Committee of the Old Boys' Association.

The guests of the evening were our two Princes, Sahibzada Walashan Nawab Azam Jah Bahadur and Sahibzada Walashan Moazzam Jah Bahadur, who were received on their arrival by the Patron, the President and the General Secretary. After dinner, nearly half a dozen toasts were proposed and heartily responded to.

Nawab Salar Jung Bahadur, as President of the Old Boys' Association, proposed the toast of the Princes in the following words:—

"It is now my pleasant duty and privilege to propose the toast of our chief guests the Sahebzada Nawab Azam Jah Bahadur and Nawab Moazzam Jah Bahadur. We are grateful to you,

Sirs, for gracing the occasion with your presence and we highly appreciate the great honour that you have done us, and on behalf of the Old Boys' Association I tender a cordial welcome. I believe this is the first time that we have had the honour of entertaining you and we trust that you will continue to take an interest in the institution which so many of us are proud to claim as our 'Alma mater.'

Gentlemen, I now call upon you to rise and drink to the very good health and happiness of Walashan Nawab Azam Jah Bahadur and Walashan Nawab Moazzam Jah Bahadur."

Prince Azam Jah Bahadur then rose amidst great applause to respond to the toast. In a clear, resonant voice, which was audible in every corner of the Hall, he addressed the meeting as follows:—

"MAHARAJA BAHADUR, NAWAB SALAR JUNG AND GENTLEMEN,

The Nizam College needs no monument. We have only to look round at this distinguished gathering to realise what it has done and is doing for Hyderabad in sending forth its sons well-equipped for every walk of life.

It has given my brother and myself great pleasure to join you here to-night. We thank you cordially for having asked us and for the kind way in which you have drunk to our health."

(Applause).

Nawab Sir Nizamat Jung Bahadur, in a brief but weighty speech, then proposed the toast of the Nizam College. He said that his thoughts wandered back into the past to recall certain facts connected with the origin of the Nizam College. He only wanted to refer to those facts because they had given a certain tone and colour to the institution.

The College, he continued, which had begun its existence as a single class, was founded by that great statesman, Sir Salar Jung, and was originally attended by his two sons and the sons of some of the leading nobles. The College, he observed, had certain characteristic features which distinguished it from other institutions in the State. He said that he wished to draw particular attention to this fact, because the College had a unique position in a society that was rapidly changing and it had to maintain certain traditions, thus becoming a mediator,

as it were, between the past and the present, between feelings and sentiments which had come down from a bygone age and the insistent demands of the present and the future. In the end, he expressed a hope that the College would be able to maintain its high academic and cultural standard and preserve the ancient loyalties comprised in the words 'King and Country.'

Mr. Turner, the Principal of the Nizam College, responded to the toast. He pointed out the strides the College has made during recent years. He said that the College had a great future and that it had produced eminent men of whom, even to-day, many are at the helm of affairs in the administration of Hyderabad.

The next toast was that of 'The Present Generation.' It was proposed by the Nawab Mehdi Yar Jung Bahadur, the youngest Member of H. E. H. the Nizam's Executive Council.

The Nawab Saheb, in the course of a felicitous speech, after describing the various handicaps and disabilities which the older generation had had to encounter in its path of progress, congratulated the present generation for the innumerable opportunities of doing good to others that presented themselves to every sincere aspirant. He exhorted the youths never to let such opportunities slip. This was responded to by two of the present students of the College, Abdus Samad Khan and Ragotham Reddy.

The toast of the Old Boys was proposed by our "G.O.M.", Nawab Sir Amin Jung Bahadur and Mr. Durand.

Sir Amin said:

"The chief recommendation of the Nizam College, to my mind, is its policy, consistently pursued for many years, since Salar Jung I founded the Madrasa Aliya, and Salar Jung II raised it to the status of a College. It is that the College should produce men of character rather than mere men of learning. Although it can proudly point to the results of University examination year after year, although its *alumni* have won high academic distinctions, yet the College has never aspired to be a factory for the manufacture of graduates, but has always been content to be a Faculty for the production of gentlemen in the best sense of the word. There are scores upon

scores of former students who do not add the letters B.A. or M.A. to their names, but are none the less so well educated and bear so high a character as to adorn any administration and be an honour to any country."

Mr. Durand, in a very humorous speech, described his early experiences in Nizam College. He confessed that in his optimism of youth he had taken up teaching subjects of which he knew very little.

This toast was responded to by Mr. Ali Akbar and the General Secretary.

Mr. Ali Akbar, in a lucid speech, recalled with justifiable pride the glorious traditions of the Nizam College, and laid stress on the very commendable absence of any communal feelings in the College, concluding that the ideal of the Nizam College students was to distinguish themselves not merely in examinations but on the play-grounds as well.

The General Secretary said that the Nizam College had always stood, and would ever stand, for patriotism, loyalty and truth and that its students, both past and present, would always be patriotic to the country, loyal to the Ruler, and true to themselves.

Two poets, Mr. Aftab Ali of the Nizam College, and Mr. Ghulam Mustaf Rasa of the Customs Department, then recited Urdu poems, which had been specially composed for the occasion.

The function, which was an unqualified success, came to a close at about 11-30 p.m.

It is to be hoped that the function will not again be lost in forgetfulness, but will continue and will attract gatherings as large, nearly 200 guests, as it did on this occasion.

ZAHEER AHMED,
General Secretary,
Old Boys' Association.



Life of Nawab Fakr-ul-Mulk Bahadur.

NAWAB Sir Sarfaraz Hussain Khan Bahadur, Safdar Jung Musheer-ud-Dowlah, Fakr-ul-Mulk, a leading nobleman and head of one of the oldest families, is a well-known figure all over Hyderabad. He is one of those precious few who though leading a highly modernized life, have not yet renounced their great traditions and still display the picturesqueness of the good old days. Nawab Fakr-ul-Mulk Bahadur is the youngest son of Nawab Mir Gulam Hussain Khan, Hussam-ud-Dowlah, Fakr-ul-Mulk, and grandson of Nawab Mir Abbas Ali Khan, Nizam Yar Jung, Nizam Yar-ud-Dowlah, Hussam-ul-Oomara, Khan-Khana.

The Nawab's family can be traced to Mir Naqui, who was the Governor of Khurasan in Persia, and was also a companion of Abdullah Khan, son of Mohammed Sultan, King of the Tartars at Samarkand. The ancestral home was Tus in Persia, from where the Nawab's ancestors accompanied Baber into India and one of them Bairam Khan came into the lime-light during the reign of Humayun and Akbar. In 1014 Hijri Mir Hussain Amanat Khan, whose direct descendant the Nawab is, left Tus, and came to India. He was graciously received by Prince Khurram, later Shah Jehan. The fortunes of this Prince were often fluctuating, but Amanat Khan remained his staunch supporter and passed through many vicissitudes with him.

Shah Jehan, after his accession to the throne of Hindustan, was not blind to the merits and capabilities of his friend, and raised him to the enviable position of Prime-Minister. Nawab Mir Kazim Ali Khan, the great-grandson of Amanat Khan came to Hyderabad, in the reign of Nizam Ali Khan, where, being a member of the same family, the hand of Mir Abbas's sister was given to him in marriage.



Nawab Mir Sarfaraz Husain Khan, Safdar Jung, Musheer-ud-Dowlah,
Fakr-ul-Mulk Bahadur.

Nawab Fakr-ul-Mulk Bahadur, the present head of this historic and illustrious family was born on the 14th of Moharrum, 1277 Hijri. For a time he attended the Madrasa-i-Aliya, and, after receiving Arabic, Persian and English education, directed his whole attention towards the study of Law, and underwent practical training in the various administrative branches of the Government.

In 1291 Hijri, the title of Khan Bahadur was conferred upon him, and he was made the chief companion to H. H. Nawab Mir Mahboob Ali Khan, the late Nizam, when the latter was invited to attend the Great Durbar of Delhi, on the occasion of Queen Victoria accepting the title of Kaiser-i-Hind.

By this time the Nawab's capability, tact, and aptitude for work were already beginning to be felt. He had a broad out-look and understood thoroughly that nobility is obtained through one's own high aspirations, and not through boasting of the mouldering bones of one's forefathers.

The young nobleman was greedy for knowledge, and thought no labour too great in acquiring it, never tiring of learning new things. Before him, knowledge and wisdom were the divine treasures, while mercy and kindness were the attributes of a gentleman. After all his endeavours, we see that in 1303 Hijri he was entrusted with the honour of giving a reception to H. E. the Marquess of Dufferin, then Viceroy of India. He also served on the Board of Regency for the late Nizam. The Nawab was also a great sportsman, having a reputation of his own in cricket, and often went out shooting, wrestled and played polo and other games.

As soon as H. H. Nawab Mir Mahboob Ali Khan Bahadur succeeded to the Gadi in 1301 Hijri, a Council of State was formed. In recognition of the Nawab's services to the State, he was made a member of the said Council, and appointed Moin-ul-Moham, or Minister of Police. He was given an extensive field and full scope to exercise his great ability. Having a strong man at the helm, the whole department was organised on highly efficient lines.

Personal merits cannot be hidden for a long time. In 1302 Hijri the portfolios of the Judicial, Educational, Relig-

ious and other departments were given to his charge. In 1310 Hijri the department of the Court of Wards was also entrusted to him, and finally he became the President of the Legislative Council.

Laying aside his rank as a great nobleman, a glance at the man shows he would have held his own in any circumstances, and with his indomitable spirit, indefatigable energies, persistent enterprises and wisdom, he justly attained a prominent position in the State. His work as Minister of the Educational and Judicial Departments will live for a long time in the annals of the history of Hyderabad.

An unprecedented event happened during his tenure of office. Up till now, no scions of the nobility had been sent to England for European training. The Nawab took the initiative, and was the first to set the ball rolling by sending his nephew, the late Nawab Behram-ud-Dowlah to England, where he was admitted to Eton College. Subsequently his four sons were also sent and were admitted at Parkhill Lyndhurst, and afterwards promoted to Eton. They had the honour of having tea with Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, and were also introduced to the Prince of Wales, the late King Edward. He did not neglect their oriental education, for which learned men like the late Haidar Yar Jung Taba Tabai and Moulvi Hasan Raza Sahib were appointed.

The venerable old nobleman after guiding the affairs of the State for a long time, turned his attention solely towards the improvement of his domestic affairs, and settled down in his Palace at Khairatabad to enjoy a life of tranquillity and well-earned rest. He is the object of the love and veneration of his family, who look up to him in everything. He keeps well abreast of the advances made in the hygienic and the scientific world and the arrangements at the palace are based on modern lines. Apart from his intellectual activities, he never neglects his outdoor life. He is a keen sportsman, being very fond of riding and shooting.

He was one of the pioneers of the game of polo in Hyderabad, and created a sporting atmosphere in the State by laying out a beautiful polo-ground at his house, Asad Bagh (now the Nizam College) where the enthusiasts of the new

game were given every encouragement possible. Indeed he is so fond of riding that, even now well over 75 years, he never misses his evening ride, unless something untoward happens.

His chief hobby is the building of houses. A splendid Mausoleum has recently been erected over the tomb of his beloved wife, his one and only life-partner for fifty-five years. It is a unique piece of architecture. The Nawab, a philanthropist in the true sense of the word, now spends much of his time in giving alms to the numerous mendicants who wait in queues at the mausoleum, and also provides for the various other needs of the poor. He takes regular physical exercise, both in the morning and evening, and so is able to keep strong and active, in spite of being almost an octogenarian.

MIR MOAZZAM HUSSAIN KHAN.

Junior Intermediate.



“Superstitions”.

THE civilised man of to-day thinks that he has become sophisticated enough in all matters of life and sufficiently hard-hearted in business. He talks about how quickly he can recognise the false from the true; and how difficult it is for any one to deceive him. He boasts how impossible it is to interest him in ideas or articles of doubtful value. But that is human nature. The truth is that Man is dropping behind in the mad rush to a higher civilisation; he is not keeping pace with the amazing developments in the scientific field.

The other day at a crowded resort I saw a man running the old “Draw-the-lucky-number-and-win-a-clock” game with as much success as was ever attained in the past. My friend and I saw that a “stranger,” who undoubtedly worked in partnership with this man, sauntered carelessly up to the stall, picked out certain numbers and went off triumphantly with a beautiful clock. It all seemed quite fair and easy enough. People rushed in as if anxious to be in time before the man running the show had lost all the clocks.

One would think that people in this modern age would have profited sufficiently from the experiences of others, at least to the extent of making it necessary for unscrupulous schemers to employ newer methods and fresher devices in fooling the public. But, no! Street vendors still find no trouble in selling their dancing dolls, which they slyly manipulate by pulling an invisible thread. Thousands of people buy them believing that they are getting an automatic toy for a few annas.

The work of freeing ourselves from follies and superstitions is proceeding with painful slowness. Even to-day, in the West, where the barometer of civilisation has risen highest, a multitude of folks believe it is unlucky to walk under a ladder; that breaking a mirror is seven years’ bad luck; that

a wart will disappear if washed with a stolen dish-rag; that a potato in the pocket will cure rheumatism, and that the number thirteen is unlucky. Many people will not light three cigarettes with the same match, nor pick up a pen-knife when the point is towards them. Yes, but what can have been the cause of such a tendency in man? On tracing back to its origin we find that superstition is nothing but man's effort to explain the relation between nature and his own existence. The average person has always been inclined to attribute most of the happenings, which he fails to understand, to super-natural causes. Even to-day I know some businessmen who keep consulting clairvoyants in the hope of procuring additional light on future happenings with respect to their particular trade. Dream-books still have a large sale and lucky talismans are still (though sometimes secretly) prized and worn about their person.

One naturally, at this point, asks himself the question: "Born in an ignorant age, under un-enlightened circumstances, why does SUPERSTITION still continue to lurk in the people's minds even in these days of scientific developments and high civilisation?" One main reason for the continuance of superstitious beliefs appears to be that everlasting truth; men mark when they hit; seldom when they miss. When the result happens just as the belief prescribes, it is human nature to remark! "See: Didn't I tell you so?" For instance, one hears it said in India that if it rains in the evening it will rain all that night. If it does rain all night, our friends remind us of the prediction; while if it does not, everybody seems to forget it. Thirteen people sit at a table and six months later one of them happens to die. "You remember the dinner we had when thirteen were present?" says one of the party, hinting at the death, "Strange how true these old sayings are" he adds.

Muslims hold the numbers 3, 13, 9, 18 as unlucky. A house agent once told me that houses bearing the numbers 3, 13, 9, 18 are not easy property to sell or to secure tenants for, in a Muslim area. People are very much possessed of such delusions notwithstanding the fact that such superstitions are purely cases of Mathematics to be left over to be solved by the formulae of probability.

What more direct proof could one need to show that the belief "Friday is unlucky" is a pure delusion as are also numerous other such superstitions? How easy it is to put the stamp of untruth on a multitude of common beliefs! Just for a moment consider the widespread belief in such a progressive country as America that Friday is unlucky. It seems very few vessels leave port on Friday in America. And yet History records that in the matter of ocean accidents Friday is one of the luckiest days of the week. Columbus sailed upon his first great voyage of adventure on a Friday; discovered land on a Friday; started back on a Friday; and again landed in Spain on a Friday. Later he started his second voyage on another Friday, and discovered the Isle of Pines on a Friday. Even on land, Friday is not as unlucky as is supposed. It was on a Friday that the resolution for Independence of the United States was moved. Such eminent figures as Washington, Gladstone and Disraeli were born on Fridays.

Most people have a belief that diamonds never wear out. But I have myself employed a diamond point for cutting glass and it became practically useless after use for a few weeks' time. So many of us still believe that the ocean is really blue, in spite of the famous researches of Sir C. V. Raman on the Mediterranean Sea, in which he has clearly pointed out that the sea is not actually coloured but appears so due to what is called "The Scattering of Light." A red rag waved before a bull will not excite him any more than a rag of any other bright colour. It is not the redness of the flag but the strangeness of the moving bright object that annoys the bull. In actual experiments the bull was found to pay more attention to white flags than to red ones.

The bitter sting of these delusions lies in the fact that many of them are capitalized for profit by individuals or groups who have no faith in them. Hindus have a belief that their cooked food will be contaminated and rendered unfit for use if simply touched by non-Hindus. This long-existing fallacy has proved very disadvantageous to them at many times. During the communal riots and other similar clashes it was found that non-Hindus did not have to trouble themselves about robbing the Hindus of their cooked food in order to starve them, but simply to touch it. That served their pur-

pose all the same. French people shun the delicious blackberries because they are the victims of an old belief that the blackberry will give fever. As a result the people of Great Britain and other neighbouring countries import the bulk of the French Blackberry crop and export tasteful jams made from this fruit. We laugh at the methods adopted by ancient medical men and of the savage tribesmen, forgetting that many kinds of modern healing include no less fantastic procedures. Many physical benefits that result from an optimistic mental posture had been secured by early healers as those of modern times, only the methods slightly differed.

Recently a well-known "Magician" produced hatfuls of silver-coins on the stage of a crowded theatre. The next morning my three-year old baby told me that what she could not understand was why such a rich man, possessing the very happy powers of producing money at will, should be going about making these public performances for the sake of earning money. Is it not strange that almost all the people who claim to be endowed with the powers to obtain wisdom and advice from the other world, never seem to be able to profit from their superhuman abilities. Invariably they are diligent seekers after their client's money in order to overcome the usual scantiness of their own financial resources.

I might in this strain, go on and present an endless array of fallacious notions that are current in the minds of men. The investigators in all branches of Science have been probing into the causes of all phenomena, natural and otherwise, that happen around us. Almost every day we hear of fresh achievements, of triumphant unravelling of some mystery in the processes of nature; yet none seems to have turned any serious attention towards carrying the torch of scientific truth into the dark minds of the masses and banishing those fallacious superstitions and delusions that possess them.

Specialists and research scholars are like the soldiers fighting on the front, conquering fresh territories and adding to the existing bulk of knowledge. Going into the country with such a mission can therefore form no part of their duty. A very practical and at the very outset rather novel idea suggests itself to me. The students and the schoolmasters can take this up and try to get into the countryside, for, that is

the stronghold of most of these superstitions, during their long vacations, and clear many of the false beliefs from the minds of the village folks in the course of friendly conversations and free discourses, without of course wounding their finer feelings. This last part is best left to the discretion and good-sense of the individual. This will be not only a new and pleasant hobby for the holidays but also a noble type of spare-time service rendered to humanity in general and to the nation in particular. It is a great pleasure to be engaged in seeking after scientific truth, but a greater one to preach it. Let us see how many of the readers of this will take a vow that they will employ this year's holidays in this wise.

ADVI RAO DESHPANDE, M.Sc.,
(Old Boy).



Common Factors, or the Need of the Hour.

THE most pressing need of India at this crucial stage of her history is the development of a common national life based on some simple yet fundamental principles which are essential to the growth of a nation. The absence of these is the main cause of her disunity and consequently of the backwardness of our country in the midst of rising nations like Japan, Persia and Turkey.

The importance of a common language for India need hardly be exaggerated. Thanks to the British rule, the English language has been the instrument of common intercourse and understanding between the several races of India speaking different tongues. But English can serve such a purpose only so far as the intelligentia is concerned; it has not, nor can it ever reach the masses, and be their common tongue. Hindustani alone can fulfil this function; and in order effectively to bring together the different races inhabiting this country, it should be cultivated assiduously.

Uniformity of dress too is of no less consequence. Any assembly of an All-India composition presents the spectacle of a dramatic association sitting for a photograph. The appearance of all in a common dress exercises a profound influence on the outlook of the people, and arouses in them a strong sense of unity and brotherhood.

It was because Mustapha Kemal fully realised the importance of a common dress in building up a nation that he took to such a firm rule and drastic reform of the Turkish costume. A similar reform in dress is needed for India, and considering her climatic condition and the economic status of its people, a pair of chappals, a pyjama, a kurta and a cap would serve well for ordinary purpose. On ceremonial and official occasions, a closed coat or a shewani with shoes may be added.

These matters of dress and manners may on their face seem trifling things. But the outlook of a country is shaped by such little things. The sympathy or prejudice of a particular community is the result of the cumulative effect of these.

India is suffering actually from the evils of rank communalism on account of petty religious rites and ceremonies. The only effective antidote for this is the evolution of certain civic rites and festivals common to all. Besides the Dasara and the Muharrum, which are quasi-religious, let us have some civic festivals where all Indians regardless of their religion can meet in a spirit of concord and unity. The anniversaries of the great Indian poets, philosophers and nation-builders offer good occasions for such a common meeting, where common manners and social etiquette develop, which go a long way towards mutual good-will and common interest.

A scrupulous observance of the above simple tenets will naturally lead to a better understanding between the communities. It would develop common tastes in dress and manners as well as a common pride and love for one's own country.

R. V. MADHUSUDAN RAO,
V. Honours.



“ The Night’s Approach ”.

FROM diamond sheen the sun to amber turned,
And slowly touched with glowing light the earth;
Unseemly long the trees their shadows cast
Like portents dark of darker night to come;
Like gripping fingers of the demon night
Who scaled the earth from 'neath the Horizon.
In fright, the browsing cattle left their graze
And sought their home, and after them their calves.
With slate and satchel hied the school boy home;
And men at labour thought of wife and babe.
Night came on earth as comes a foreign foe,
Confused men's minds, and darkened hearth and home
But moon, the helper, friend and kin of Earth,
Found favour in the realm of ancient night
And soothed the souls of men that sighed for kindly light.

T. R. PADMANABHACHARI,
Senior Intermediate.



Waves.

THE day is darkening down to rest, the sun slowly sinks beneath the western wave, and the stars blink in amaze for night has caught them unawares.

The gentle winds have soared to distant woods, the screaming birds have left the silent sea, and the restless waves murmur a mournful lullaby.

The pearly sands spread far and wide, the emerald sea heaves her bare bosom and the azure sky stoops to love's embrace.

I sit there beyond the breakers, in the pale moonbeams where peace presides, musing on destiny obscure, and on man's mission in this cycle of creation.

The waves rise, fall, and are lost. Then a strange vision arrests my eye. On an advancing wave, a celestial drama stages itself. In a garden where summer's hand has wrought her mosaic hues, amongst roses and beds redolent with perfume, amongst smiling daisies adorned with sparkling dew, two human figures, clad in nature's costume, wander aimlessly, unconscious of impending peril. But tranquil repose is denied to human beings. A serpent, intent on evil, crawls through the foliage, and whispers venom into innocent ears, and succeeds beyond hope. The two fall, and as they are hurled into abysmal depths, the wave crashes upon the shore and the scene vanishes.

But it is a momentary pause. A second picture looms into sight. In a great city where domes and spires rear their lofty heads, an Imperial monarch sways his sceptre in august majesty. From the banks of the Nile to the borders of Ind one vast empire stretches. But earthly kingdoms are prone to perish! A fierce warrior arrays his armaments, and with one broad stride he sweeps over land and sea, wipes out cities and kingdoms, subdues satrap and slave. The boundless

empire dissolves into dust, and the gloom of oblivion shrouds its glorious past. Onward advances the victor till no head is bowed but in submission, till no sword is raised but in protection, till no law is laid but in objection. But life is ephemeral and even ambition has its end. The last review of countless armies raises not the dying hero, and as the inevitable overcomes the invincible, the wave crashes into darkness.

To my wondering eyes another vision appears. In a remote and sequestered spot, a son is born to a woman, fatherless. Strange act of nature! As he grows up he sees ruin in the realm of God; love's abode corrupt with practices; destruction and havoc reigning unmolested; and he seeks remedy. On the shores of Galilee, he preaches of life and death, of love and friendship, of sacrifice and suffering, and succeeds in changing vice to godliness. The world, resonant with his words, follows him and his doctrines, and beholds in him an immortal mythus. But folly still predominates in men and disbelievers spring up! There on the crucifix, the saviour is tortured for humanity's sake, and as his head falls listless on his shoulders, the wave dashes upon the shore.

But a fourth forms itself. In the midst of a desert, where the sand stretches from east to west, its warlike denizens indulge in unrestrained strife. Horror and misery, crime and immorality, revenge and rapacity, prevail beyond the bounds of imagination. In such a chaos, when civilisation has sunk to its lowest ebb, and no light can disperse the impenetrable darkness, an orphan comes into existence. Manhood finds him erecting the edifice of an ethical religion, in the pursuit of which no adversity stops his ardour, no force sways his resolution and no allurement entices his eye. In an age of barbaric ideas, he preaches and practises divine virtues; amidst the worshippers of an idolatrous creed, he sternly upholds the unity of God; and in the face of danger, he defies the deities of his deadly enemies. Austere, heroic and humble, his personality dominates millions. His tenets are taught from the waters of the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific. But age has its demands even on Prophets. As his lips utter the last praises of God, the wave breaks on the shore.

Yet another figure comes into view. A short and remarkable figure emerges from the seclusion of an insulated

rock and steps into the arena of ambition and glory. In a land torn by tyranny, its social fabric rent asunder, its prestige ruined by war and defeat, he marches to victory with a handful of men and thus ascends the steps of eminence, till the brilliance of his star blinds every eye. His name becomes a spell; victory follows his heels everywhere, and the fanatic shakes the foundations of age-old empires. Haughty and humble, Christian and infidel, Stoic and Epicurean, his character a combination of contradictions. But stars rotate! In a distant island, he lies in delirium, dreaming of days gone by, and as he expresses his last wishes, the wave strikes upon the shore.

Yet another scene! A tall, angular lawyer, the wood-lander visible in him, sits in a barely furnished apartment, pondering on the Bible and religion, and on mankind in general. Suddenly his soul is irritated by the inequality in the status of men. With a will that vanquishes every opposition, he upholds the cause of wretches born to work and weep, battles against the pride and prejudice of colour and creed, and invokes the spirit of freedom in the name of God and Man and Creation. Shy and simple, personal glory is not his goal. The cataclysm he creates, crushes his opponents. But O calamity! An actor, wild with fury, levels his pistol at his head, and as the fire flashes, the wave is flung to its final fate.

Waves? Each age is a wave in time's tide, silenced on the shores of slumbering Eternity. Each age had its own figure, surmounting insuperable heights, then fading down to forgetfulness.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

HUMAYUN YAR KHAN,
Junior B.A.



A Dream of Samad.

“ **A**s I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a Den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep and, as I slept, I dreamed a dream.”

I was standing on the top of a tall hill which overlooked a vast plain. The silvery light of the moon gave solemnity to the surroundings. The stillness of nature worked upon me and I fell into a mood of meditation.

Heads, then bodies, and then the entire forms of human beings appeared to emerge out of the earth. The numbers were multiplied, minute after minute, at an alarming rate, and soon they formed themselves into a circle, as if guided by some invisible force. Food was given to them by a mysterious hand and it was distributed with the most scrupulous impartiality. They took what was given to them without even looking at their fellows' shares, and soon feeding was followed by fun. They all joined in different kinds of sports, and seemed to be bound together by strong feelings of fraternity. But it was a different tale when the next meal was served. From every side shrieks of “I want more!” were heard and the stronger were seen pouncing upon their weaker companions to rob them of their food.

A noisy bustle ensued, after which the people all started off on a journey; it was apparent from their faces that it was going to be long and tedious. As they progressed, a river, wide and deep, blocked their road. They were at a loss what to do at first, but later on their passionate desire to cross the river enabled them to contrive means to attain their object. The stronger of them strangled their weaker brethren, and crossed the river riding astride their bodies. The time for food came at last, but there was no longer the mysterious hand to feed them. The creatures not to be discomfited, devised a method which answered their purpose equally well—they took

to cannibalism. It was the universal opinion after the meal 'hat this kind of food was far more palatable and delicious than that formerly given to them. At first, it appeared that the strife would end with the "Survival of the Fittest," but this was not to be so. Reinforcements emerged out of the earth to take the place vacated by their predecessors. More persons were produced than were annihilated and it was difficult to predict the fate of these shuffling occupants of the plain. They all went forward, crossing rivers and climbing mountains and surmounting obstacle after obstacle at each other's expense, till they reached a tree of tremendous height bearing a singular kind of fruit. It was alleged that those who could climb to the top of the tree and eat *one* of the fruits, would have ten pounds of gold every morning. The absence of ladders and of other appliances was an obstacle for a time, for it was difficult to touch the trunk of the tree owing to the destructive thorns that grew on it, but soon the strong struck upon the more natural and the more easy way of killing their former "companions in destruction" and piling their dead bodies one over the other to reach the top. Some of them did reach the top and ate up two, three, and some of them four, in order to get twenty, thirty and forty pounds of solid gold in the morning. But the result was disappointing. The condition was to eat only one fruit and no more, so that the devouring of two or more served to annul the effect of the talisman.

This disappointment did not stop them from continuing their brilliant career of iniquity and sin; on the contrary, it provoked the lust of their minds to the very highest pitch and gave, as it were, an impetus to their already ferocious nature.

Their cruelty was seasoned as it were, only by an excessive greed. From the plain they descried a mountain, its top resplendent with different kinds of precious stones and valuable things. Buoyed up by the influence of this magnetic chimera and dragged on by Fate, they climbed up the steep acclivity of the mountain and, in their eagerness and avarice, rushed on with out-stretched and rapacious hands to take possession of the riches. Alas! This was not to be. They had rushed forward with such velocity that they could not stop themselves, and rolled down the almost perpendicular

declivity of the mountain on the other side, one by one, and were swallowed up by the sea of Eternity, which had baited the mountain for these avaricious creatures. Those weaker ones who had become the victims of these poor climbers in the fight for existence were also found in the ocean. It could not be accounted for, it was some mysterious power; and it was only these earlier victims who swam on the surface of the waters, for they had come to life again. The climbers had gone down to the very bottom of the sea. What a fall! From the high mountain of Ambition, down to the very depths of Eternity!

SIRDAR ABDUS SAMAD KHAN,
Senior Intermediate.



The Raman Effect and Its Significance.

THE remarkable discovery in 1928 by Sir C. V. Raman of a new type of radiation, produced by the scattering of light, has everywhere gained due recognition by reason of its fundamental importance. The discovery, as has been pointed out by Professor Raman himself, was no mere accident, but the result of systematic research on the problem of light-scattering for a number of years. The Raman effect, by virtue of its many important applications in Physics and Chemistry, apart from its theoretical significance, has therefore been the subject of extensive research both in India and other countries.

Before proceeding to discuss the nature of the effect, it would seem desirable to say a few words about terms like 'spectra' and 'monochromatic radiation' which occur in the description of the effect. If a beam of sunlight is passed through a glass prism, on placing a screen to receive the emergent beam, a band of colour is seen; this band of colour being called a spectrum. Distinct from this 'continuous spectrum,' which consists of a succession of colours without any gap, is another type—that produced by incandescent gases such as hydrogen rendered luminous by an electric discharge or by compounds—consisting of lines or bands, the 'line' or 'band' spectrum. These spectra are characteristic of the elements or compounds which give rise to them. Needless to say, these spectra may be photographed for subsequent measurement or investigation.

A source of light like the mercury lamp (usually used in the experimental investigation of the effect) gives by itself a spectrum consisting of a number of lines of different colours; but it is possible with the aid of suitable colour filters to cut out unnecessary lines and thereby render the light 'monochromatic' in character, (*i.e.*, in non-technical terms, consisting of light of a single colour).

If a beam of light is passed through any transparent substance, for example water or benzene, some of it is absorbed, some of it transmitted, and part of it scattered. Professor Raman made the discovery that when monochromatic light is scattered in a transparent medium, the spectrum of the scattered light (at right angles to the incident beam), reveals several new lines—some faint and others bright and distinct—which are not present in the spectrum of the incident light. This phenomenon is known as the "Raman Effect." The liquid under investigation must obviously be perfectly pure and dust-free.

It was first shown by Professor Raman that the Raman lines of any substance correspond to the vibrational and rotational frequencies of its molecules and these have been found to be in agreement with the results obtained from infra-red spectra. The rotational frequencies are great in the case of strongly anisotropic molecules like those of benzene, and probably give rise to the wings accompanying the principal incident lines; while the frequency shifts, when they are not very small, are due to the vibrational effect. A notable success of the Raman effect, in this direction, is seen in the brilliant work of McLennan and McLeod, whose results furnish experimental proof that Hydrogen (liquid) at very low temperatures is a mixture of two distinct sets of molecules—one in the lowest rotational state ($m=0$) and the other in the lowest but one, ($m=1$), as was already anticipated from theoretical considerations.

A few outstanding and essential characteristics of the new radiation will next be considered, a comprehensive account of them being outside the scope of this paper. The first is the universality of the phenomenon, the effect having been observed in a number of substances over a wide range of physical and chemical properties and in different physical states—in solids, liquids, gases, amorphous solids, and crystals. Its spectral character has already been referred to, the Raman lines being sometimes accompanied by bands or a continuous spectrum. The new lines are also in general strongly polarised, different lines differing in their degree of polarisation.

Professor Raman also suggested that the effect was "some kind of optical analogue" to the Compton Effect for which

Professor Compton received the Nobel Prize in Physics. As is well-known, in this effect where a beam of X-rays is scattered by electrons, there is a decrease in the frequency of the scattered radiation in directions other than that of the incident beam, depending on the angle of deviation. Thus though the two phenomena are analogous, the Raman effect is seen to be of a more general type as it applies to all molecules.

To account for the effect, the explanation is on the basis of the quantum theory and states that there is an exchange of energy between the incident light quantum and the scattering molecule. The probability of a decrease in the frequency of the quantum as the molecule passes into an excited state is clear, though an enhancement is also possible.

The applications of the effect are as varied as they are important. For one thing, its importance in spectroscopy, as a means of studying spectra by photographic measurements, specially in the infra-red region, where the experimental technique in such work by other methods is difficult and complicated, cannot be sufficiently emphasised. That the effect is essentially molecular in nature is shown by the fact that the shifts of frequency of the Raman lines are independent of the exciting radiation. A striking illustration of this characteristic is furnished by the results of Daure who found that a number of chlorides gave definite lines corresponding to the X-Cl bond. Salts like gypsum have been found to give lines due to the water of crystallisation in them and acids in aqueous solution to give diffuse bands which become sharper with increasing concentration of the acid—all of them significant facts.

In Physical Chemistry, it offers an excellent method for the study, not only of the dissociation of electrolytes in solution by means of the spectra of the pure liquid and its aqueous solution at different concentrations, but also of the phenomena of "Molecular association" and "polymerisation." In the former case, it is possible by observing the position and nature of the Raman lines, to ascertain the nature and number of ions produced and thereby the degree of dissociation. In the study of crystal structure also, and of the binding forces and the thermal effects in crystals, it supplements the information

provided by X-ray diffraction, giving precise and accurate results considering that the Raman lines in crystals are mostly sharp and well-defined.

In Organic chemistry, the effect gives a very clear insight into the structure and the nature of the linkages or bonds in organic compounds, as experimental data has rendered it possible to identify particular frequencies with the vibration of particular chemical bonds in the molecule. That different isomers of the same compound give different spectra and that the division of organic compounds into three distinct and well-marked types—the aliphatic, the aromatic and the heterocyclic classes—finds substantial support in the differences in the nature of their respective spectra are other interesting and important facts which may be here mentioned.

In conclusion, the Raman Effect has, as has already been pointed out, stimulated a good deal of research so that a prodigious amount of experimental data is now available, much of which has yet to receive theoretical explanation. It therefore forms a subject for study which is as interesting as it is significant and opens a fresh field for research which may lead to further results of fundamental and far-reaching importance.

SUNDARA RAJAN,
Junior M.Sc.



Four Scholars and Their Old Neighbour.

A FEW years ago, a batch of four distinguished products of a certain University decided to go on a picnic, to celebrate their acquisition of the various degrees of the University.

One of them was a Physician, another a Philosopher, the third an Engineer, and the fourth a Lawyer. An old neighbour, eager for the pleasure of an outing in the company of such distinguished men, who, in case of a sudden mishap might come to his rescue, sought permission to join them. But the Physician friend, who had developed a sort of dislike for Old People, whom he called "Old Fossils," stoutly opposed his going with them. To meet him half way, the rest of the party arranged to allow the old man secretly to join the wedding party of a young man, who was to join them (the famous four) on the other side of the river Krishna, on their return from the picnic.

The four men started for the picnic in the village. On reaching the last Railway Station of their journey, they changed to a bullock cart, which made slow progress, being driven by the Engineer, whose brain was busy evolving a mechanically perfect cart for the animals.

On arriving at the village, the party left the cart with the bullocks roaming about unhindered, in deference to the remark of the Lawyer who said "Liberty is the essence of life, and everybody is innocent until he is found guilty," and wended their way to the bazaar for purchase of provisions. A Kumbakonam sharper, who was watching the party, got on the cart and made good his escape.

The task of choosing vegetables and grains was of course left to the Physician. He discussed in his mind, the merits and demerits of different vegetables and grains by saying: "This is bilious, this produces flatulency, this causes diarrhoea" and soon by the process of elimination, he hit upon a leafy

plant for their vegetable, some sort of rice, some spices by way of medicine and ghee as lubricant. The Physician and the Engineer were sent ahead to look to the construction of a stove to cook the food, while the Philosopher and the Lawyer discussed the disappearance of the bullocks and the cart. Evidently, they concluded, the cart was carried away by the bullocks to their stable as is their wont, or that they had followed the Physician and the Engineer. The Lawyer insisted "We must exhaust all possible suppositions extensive and intensive, right or wrong, wronged right and righted wrong, and so on and so forth *ad infinitum ab initio ab finis.*" Hearing this long legal English cum Latin expressions of the Lawyer, the Philosopher said, "Come, let us decide whether this plantain-leaf cup holds the ghee or the ghee holds the cup." So saying he overturned the cup and down dropped the ghee on the dust below in front of the Physician.

In the meantime, the Engineer, who was engaged in making a scientific stove, had made a nice little range and placed the pots on it to cook. Whilst the party was engaged in taking steps against the man or men or Noman unknown, who had deprived them of their conveyance, the scientific stove burnt out the contents of the pots to which the Physician had added insufficient water.

At last lunch time came. Sad were their countenances when they found that the vessel contained nothing but charcoal.

Being educated men, they looked upon the incident with great composure and fortitude and prepared to quit the place before it was dark. They soon arrived on the banks of the River Krishna, where it was only a rivulet. They had to cross it to join the wedding party of their Engineer friend. None of them, except the Engineer, knew a little bit of swimming and the river had different depths of water in different places of its breadth. The Engineer improvised a plumb-line and measured the depth of the water at different places and striking the average declared authoritatively that the river was quite fordable. His companions then began to wade through the water with their belongings. Soon they got into deep water and would have been drowned had not the people about them rushed to their rescue.

Thus, the party lost everything except the clothes they were in, and with difficulty joined their pre-arranged wedding party of young men who had already, in anticipation of their arrival, intimated the bride's people, of their arrival so as to enable them to take them to their house with due ceremony. Simultaneously with the bridegroom, a relative of the bride arrived there with a message telling them to proceed to her house only on the condition that they would fill the village tank with ghee. The Engineer and his friends thinking that it was a reflection upon the wealth of the multi-millionaire father of the Engineer held a "Council of War" while the Lawyer engaged himself in drafting an angry letter replete with redundant words of learned length for Breach of Contract and damages, with the full intention of sending a bill later on. In the meanwhile, to show their academical superiority, they took the dimensions of the tank and calculated to the fraction of a pie how much it would cost to fill the tank with ghee, how many men and motors would have to be engaged, and decided to whom the contract should be given, from what directions the supply should come and in what time the whole thing should be accomplished. It was calculated and checked and counter-checked by the Physician and the Philosopher and two letters were despatched to the Engineer's father by the Lawyer, one containing the terms of the agreement with the merchant for the supply of ghee and another for taking steps against the bride's people for Breach of Contract, and another was sent to the bride's father to inform him of the exact date on which the tank would be filled up with ghee as per their desire, and to intimate to him that not only one but ten tanks of that capacity could be filled by them without inconvenience, warning them at the same time to guard themselves against obesity.

The old man, their neighbour, who had secretly gone ahead of them, inquired the cause of the bustle in the camp, and, on learning it, suggested to them a simple plan for getting out of the difficulty by first ordering them to empty the tank before they undertook to fill the same. The suggestion was approved by all and the wedding took place with great enthusiasm and to the great annoyance of the Lawyer.

I. S. GORAKSHAKAR,
Junior B.Sc.

The Romance of Modern Science.

“**E**VERY new observation,” says Spielmann, “must be true and accurate under all conditions and in all juxtapositions. If it does not come into the domain of human knowledge with the stamp of practice, it is to be discarded as chaff and hurled into the honourable wastepaper basket, which rests in close proximity to the scientist’s chair.”

Science, primarily, is Philosophy in its true nature. While Philosophy propounds theories, Science tests the truth of them; and on their survival of its close stethoscopical examination, crowns them with the honour of indelible records in her “ample page.” Thus Science is Philosophy, filtered and distilled. In its domain there is no place for superstition and blind faith, for, “Faith” says Mahatma Gandhi, “begins where Reason ends.”

“The spirit of scientific enquiry,” again according to Spielmann, “is far older than human nature.” “There can be no doubt,” he suggests, “that it began amongst the first animals.” This may sound untrue to those exponents of Science who establish its origin from the Arabs and the Chinese. Salient records, however, help us to obliterate this fallacy. The Vedas which, according to Max Muller, are the oldest books in the library of the world, speak about “electricity.” Then there is the mighty Mahabharata, which in myriads of instances contains allusions to “Ashwatari” boat, (that is, one propelled by electricity). The Puranas, again, bear innumerable references to “vimanas” (airships). These few illustrations may be sufficient to justify the statements of Spielmann.

It is the spirit of scientific enquiry which led humanity from crude nudism and babarism to the happy discoveries of dress and inventions of weapons and instruments, that constitute definite stages in the history of mankind. The Paleolithic, the Neolithic, the Copper and the Iron Ages are but a few

instances. The discovery of fire marks an epoch in the history of Science. With alternate gaps and inventions came the slow and steady development of modern science, which marks an epoch-making era in the World history.

It is indeed painful to find a vague notion that Science consists in the invention of instruments to destroy life and that it is the relentless enemy of mankind. Great writers attack it as detrimental to social culture. But no hypothesis has ever been farther from the truth than this. And yet it is to the credit of Science that it has kept up its perennial line of discoveries and inventions in the teeth of high opposition.

That Modern Science has reached Everestian heights is agreed. Its progress during the past few centuries has been remarkable and undisputed. "If the present conditions of life," says Charles R. Gibson, "had been correctly predicted a few generations ago, the prophet would have received little attention, or would have been made a laughing-stock. It certainly would have seemed quite incredible that people would some day be able to send messages with lightning speed, across the seas to the very ends of the earth, and learn what is actually taking place at home at the very moment. It would have seemed even more impossible that people would ever be able to carry on actual conversation with friends many hundreds of miles from them." Who could have foreseen that mankind would shake off the mortal coil of blind faith and make search for the proof of "Soul"? Who could have imagined that a Russian Doctor would go to the extent of inventing instruments that remove the blood from a living body, clean it, free it of any foreign matter, while the body lies motionless, and then inject it again, so that the patient arises, sound and hearty? And yet such are some of the feats of Modern Science.

The future of Science seems to be bright and sanguine. It has led mankind to predict some lively and picturesque discoveries and inventions.

"Such machines," a humorous lecturer once suggested, "shall be invented that if you put potatoes in at one side, you will get nice cooked slices from the other, and if you do not like them, you thrust them again in the machine and the original potatoes are given back to you."

A writer of no ordinary merit makes some predictions for the future of Science. In 2033, he says that pills will be invented which contain all the vitamins for the proper nourishment of our body. Instead of hotels and restaurants, there will spring up shops, where the purchaser is examined and provided with those pills that just suit his constitution and help him to live on them. There will be no necessity of crops and grains. Cultivation will be stopped. Everything will be done by electricity and the pressing of a button. Every house may be furnished with gardens in which plants are made to grow in a few hours by the help of electricity. The curse of un-touchability will be obliterated from human society, for, all the menial duties of these so-called untouchables will be performed by machinery. Instead of newspapers, the radio will convey news to every house. It may be possible for us in India to see what is going on in America. Aeroplanes will become as common as lorries and buses. It is quite possible also, that adjustable wings may be invented whereby one may fly in the air like birds. We may suggest also that to create life will no longer be a dream suggesting the production of Frankenstein, but a vital reality.

Moissan defied nature and prepared diamonds by artificial methods, but the process was expensive and impracticable. Similarly may it happen that some Roissan arises and discovers the means of creating life—may be at an undefrayable cost.

Patience and perseverance are the secrets of success, especially in Science. There are a hundred troubles and difficulties that waylay the path of the scientist, and happy is he who continues his journey unbaffled and undaunted.

It is to be hoped that Galileos and Archimedeses, Newtons and Kelvins, Ramans and Boses will spring up in every corner of the world and, through unbounded patience and perseverance, leave no stone unturned to fulfil these predictions—these happy visions—by their earnest efforts. Nothing, they should note is, "impossible," for, "Impossible," says Carlyle, "when Truth and Mercy and the ever-lasting voice of Nature order, has no place in the brave man's dictionary."

While America has made Science its religion, while England has made astonishing progress in the field of Science,

while Japan has raised a world-sensation by its rapid advancement in Science, while Germany has taken the lead in the march of Science, India is there, still lingering in superstition and blind faith, and crying in vain, for liberty, equality and fraternity. The tide of politics here is rising higher and higher; and of Science ebbing lower and lower. Let the youth of India save the mother country and pay close attention to the appeal of Sir P. C. Ray: "India needs scientists more than it does politicians."

DEVIDASS B. KAPADIYA,
Junior B.Sc.



Two Indian Personalities.

INDIA is a land of diverse people, pursuing diverse occupations, which are often amusing and at times entertaining. A visitor to our country cannot but be struck at some of these vocations and the people that follow them; and a great writer, Mark Twain, remarked that India is the country where he saw "a man trying to break a stone with a shirt!"

Engaging a good dhobi requires great judgment and discrimination. It is advisable to avoid any with the temperament of Diogenes, Charles Lamb, or Thomas Carlyle. Bad tempered dhobies vent their spleen on defenceless garments, rending them to pieces with the fury of a Hun. Even a good-natured or jovial dhobi is not to be trusted, for many of his jokes are no laughing matter. Some people are in the habit of attacking their enemies by making untrue and uncharitable remarks behind their back. The dhobi cares not where he makes his remarks—in front or behind. His mark is liable to spread—sometimes in remarkable directions. It has been found that the fingerprints of all men vary, and this discovery has proved of great benefit to criminology. But the mark or the print of the dhobi seldom incriminates any particular man. In this his safety lies, for like "coward Adam" he can always blame his Eve. How often have we found that few men are more adept at beating a pair of trousers into shorts than a strong dhobi.

Let us proceed further into the character of this personality in order that we may understand him for better or for worse. The dhobi is destructive rather than constructive, *i.e.*, as far as clothes alone are concerned. Just as in the early centuries the Iconoclasts damaged or destroyed images or pictures in Churches, so in the nineteenth century the dhobi has sworn a solemn oath to treat in a similar way any garment entrusted to his ablutionary care and discretion. Any one who has examined his stone or slab at the water-side must acknowledge that he has kept his oath religiously. Like the

Cape buffalo he requires the slightest provocation or none at all to vent his fury on our garments. Just as the cat is the natural enemy of the rat, so also the dhobi is the natural enemy of lace and fine linen. Lace to the dhobi is like the red flag to the bull; it engenders hatred in his heart, destruction in his soul, and venom in his blows. Were lace simply, as we are taught in logic, a net-work of cotton or silk with the reticulations and decusations at equal distances between the interscices, sad is the plight of the lady when she sees it on its return from the dhobi. He despises favouritism of any kind, for he treats the thick coat or the fine linen in the same way—though in the former case it is only a matter of missing buttons and burst seams.

Secondly he proves himself a coward when he attacks with giant fury defenceless garments which have never harmed man, woman, or beast.

But he is not without his good qualities. If he is a coward, he is also in some respects brave. He has never been known to dread returning with the washing, even if his zeal has made it difficult or impossible to distinguish the lady's garments from those of her husband. Also he has never been ashamed to hang dirty clothes in public thoroughfares.

In recent years of emancipation the washer-woman has risen in importance, and has made her mark, not in politics, but on clothes. The strength of her blows is in direct proportion to her progeny. A proverb says that just as a fat man makes a poor husband, so a childless dhobin makes a poor washer-woman. A washer-woman who is the mother of many children—which is often the case—is often of greater muscular development than her husband. There are few who believe more strongly in Solomon's proverb than the dhobin—"Spare the rod and spoil the child"; and for this reason she makes a practice of whipping her children once a week or more whether they deserve it or not. Thus she derives double benefit from this; firstly she retains her authority in her home and secondly, keeps in form for her washing.

And alas! when the dhobi and dhobin leave this world they leave no footprints on the sands of time. But can we forget the marks they have left on our garments?

The second personality is the tailor or the durzi. He has been often accused of working hand in hand with the dhobi. For every garment rendered unfit for further wear by the dhobi, the tailor pays a secret commission either great or small. Very often we are compelled by the theory of association of ideas to draw a comparison between a native tailor and a pedantic pedagogue. Not that they resemble in their vocations, but in the manner they wear their spectacles right at the tip of their noses, or on the forehead high above the eyebrows, not using the glasses for what they were intended. But there is this difference, that whereas the teacher's are new, those of the tailor are so old that they are kept in position only by two strings over the ears and tied at the back of the head.

Many a time we have been drawn into the shops of these tailors with high sounding advertisements on their doors, for example, "Rolls Royce tailoring at Ford rates." Often have we found after the delivery of the suits that any slight physical movement on our part would split the seams of our garment, rendering it unfit not only for posterity but even for ourselves. Talking of these tailors or durzis, we are reminded of an incident when a student ordered two shirts at the shop of a native tailor. After the measurements were taken, the tailor asked how the sleeves were to be. The student simple-mindedly said "one short and the other long." How dismayed he must have been when the tailor delivered those two shirts with one long and one short sleeve on each garment. Also we are reminded of a College student who brought his striped blazer cloth to a native tailor for a coat. The new fashion evolved out of it was that the stripes were used horizontally, the coat looking like a rugby shirt, and the wearer like the Dunlop tyre man. Fashions may come and fashions may go; but the native tailor will remain the same for ever. Carlyle said, "Scissors are venerable for ever. The tailor is the historian of the human race."

B. D. EBENEZER,
IV Honours.



The Antur Fort.

NEXT in importance to the celebrated fort of Dowlatabad, in the district of Aurangabad, the Antur fort is no less historic. It is situated in Kannad Taluq, on the summit of a huge granite rock that projects far into the Khandesh level-plains.

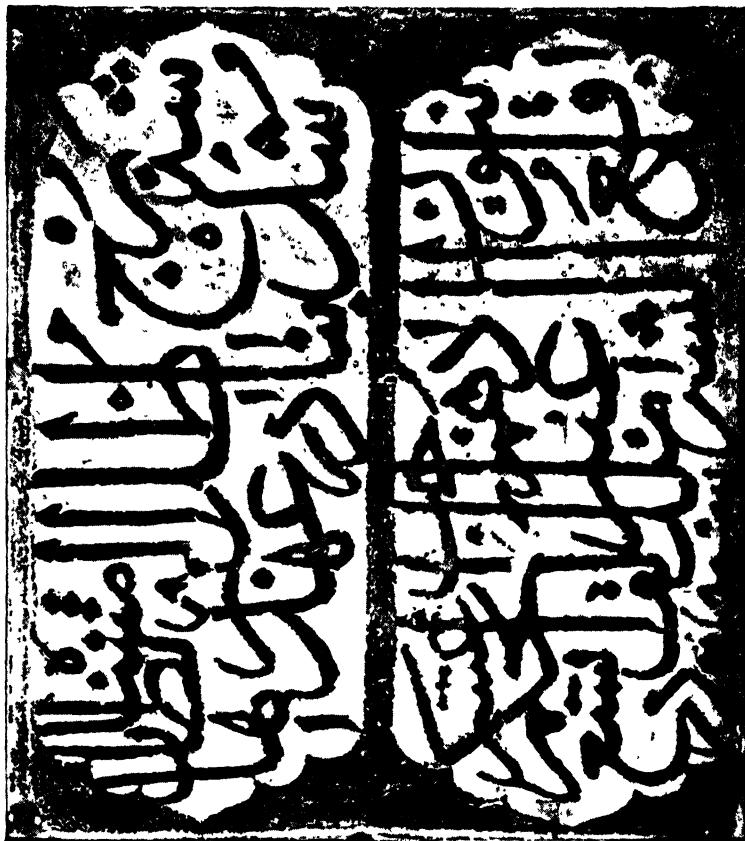
The nearest railway station for this fort is Nagar Devla on the Manmad-Nagpur line, which is about 10 miles to the south-east. The ruins cover a mile in circumference, containing many strong and well built buildings. The rugged and grim gateway, built of strong teak-wood, stands elevated as if to welcome the visitors.

Like all other forts, Antur has a strong, massive wall with many ramparts and wee-grown curves which in spite of many attacks and raids is not badly devastated.

The most noted among the ruins are the Barud Khana, a mosque, a temple and a Darga erected in memory of some pious and wise soul. Barud Khana, even to this day, stands unaltered and fresh. The old Rajahs and the later Nawabs used this building to store up their arms and powder. The mosque stands exactly in the heart of the fort, elevated and white. There are a number of trees to keep this place ever cool and shady.

The temple, which is not large, is dedicated to Hanuman. Beside the temple is a big well-constructed tank that affords a beautiful prospect. Round the tank are many ruined buildings built of brick and mortar, which apparently have been the barracks for soldiers. In addition to this large tank, there are more than six other water reservoirs, which are overshadowed by a big rock and so the water there is clear and fresh.

There are many winding paths and circling walks that afford beauty to the eye. These walls have morthas or bastions at short distances and at every turning. The bastions were used by the garrison to pour fire and sulphur upon the enemies below.



By courtesy

Archaeological Dept., Hyderabad (Dr.)

There is much controversy about the origin of this fort. "A square stonewall," says the Aurangabad Gazetteer "two miles south of Antur, contains an inscription mentioning that it was erected during the reign of Murtuza Nizam Shah of Ahmednagar about 1583 A.D." But the Persian inscription near the mosque in the fort mentions the name of Ismail Hussain and the year 1025 Hijri, that corresponds to 1608 A.D., in connection with its erection.

Anyway we can safely say that the fort was constructed about the end of the 16th century. The tradition is that the founder of it was a Maratha chief and that the fort was named after him. It cannot have been a Maratha chief, but he may have been a Karnatak, because the name "Antur" sounds Kanarese "Uru" (ooru) which in Kanarese means a village and so "Antur" suggests its origin as Karnatak.

Between the 16th and 17th centuries, the fort belonged to the Nizam Shahi dynasty of Ahmednagar. But later on it seems to have passed into the hands of the stern Marathas. In this connection the Aurangabad Gazetteer reads "Until recently the commander of Antur was a Rajput, the male member of whose family held that office in succession from the time of Aurangzeb." In 1819, this fort witnessed the capture of a notorious man, Chil Naik, who had taken refuge there, by the rulers of Hyderabad.

The small fortifications of Satonda, Baitalbadi and Janjala, that are situated within the circumference of two dozen miles seem to have been subordinate to this fort for a long time.

If Dowlatabad fort has a grand and splendid outlook, this fort has also a vast and plain land to overlook. On three sides this fort is safe from attack, and the only side that is weak is to the east where the rock is sloping. It was only from this side that enemies could take advantage of the position. Visitors standing upon the terrace of the Barud Khana have a clear view of Khandesh level-plains that are no less than seven hundred feet below. The scenery is very pleasing and inspiring. The railway train that rushes on its journey can be dimly seen in the haze about twelve or fifteen miles distant. The large town of Chaliogaon, with its many mills and factories,

can be seen in the far distance, covered by smoke. It is here that the Deccan Plateau ends and it is from here that the plains of Khandesh begin! People on the table-land think that they are in a world better than paradise, and quite different from the world below. The forts of Ankai and Tankai can also be seen in the far back-ground.

In conclusion, the Antur fort is a link with the past and it justly claims due regard from the visitors of Dowlatabad, Ajanta and Ellora.

K. NARAYAN RAO,
Senior B.A.





By courtesy

Archaeological Dept., Hyderabad (Dn)

INSCRIPTION ON A MOSQUE AT ANTUR FORT.

After a Picnic.

IT was rather late in the evening when we decided to return home from a very successful picnic party. There was a bright moon, but it was behind the clouds. The night was fine and dry, but intensely dark. Paths, hedges, fields, houses and trees were all enveloped in one deep shade. The atmosphere was hot and sultry; the summer lightning quivered faintly on the verge of the horizon, and was the only sight that varied the dull gloom in which everything was wrapped; sound there was none, except the occasional barking of some restless dogs. It seemed that Nature herself was afraid to breathe.

Presently large tiers of dark, heavy clouds, which had been gradually overspreading the sky, merged into one black mass overhead, and large drops of rain seemed to warn us of the rapid approach of the impending storm.

The storm now began to wage in all its fury. The wind blew sheer across the road sending the rain slanting down like spears. For a moment it would die away, and we would begin to delude ourselves into the belief that, exhausted with its previous fury, it had quietly laid itself down to rest, when again we could hear it growling and whistling in the distance, and on it would come rushing over the hill-tops, and sweeping along the plain, gathering sound and strength, driving the sharp rain into our ears, and its cold damp breath into our

very bones, and past us it would scour, with a stunning roar, as if in ridicule of our weakness.

Unable to withstand its fury any longer, we took shelter in a police station, that luckily happened to come in our way; until at last the storm subsided and we resumed our journey homeward. The former tranquillity was now restored—the same silence everywhere, except that some croaking frogs had now taken the place of the former clamorous dogs, whom the late storm had silenced.

A wild gusty wind again arose. We settled our hats firmly on our heads to prevent the wind from taking them; and thrusting our hands into our pockets, plodded grimly on. The clouds were drifting over the moon at their giddiest speed; at one time wholly obscuring her; at another suffering her to burst forth in full splendour and shed her light on all the objects around; anon driving over her again with increased velocity, shrouding everything in darkness.

We had now emerged into the main road that led homewards. A few lights were glimmering in the distance. It was past midnight when, opening my room, I gave myself up to sweet slumber, after the struggle with the powers of Nature.

TRIBHUVAN NATH,
Junior Intermediate.



The Sacrifice

IT was the year 1827. Favoured by the anarchy of the 18th century, the ancient secret society of Thugs had increased its depredations to an astonishing extent. Its members callously murdered travellers, into whose confidence they had ingratiated themselves, looking upon their victims as sacrifices pleasing to the goddess Kali, on whose protection they relied.

* * * *

Roy was a handsome youth of modesty and refinement. He had a happy home and a loving mother called Leelabai. But unfortunately his father had gone to "that undiscovered country, from whose bour: no traveller returns", leaving to the sad widow and unfortunate boy a rich heritance on which they were living comfortably. But a boy is apt to be spoilt without a stern father and with a kind mother. Thus Roy, in the course of time, came under the corrupting influence of bad society, and soon became a hopeless drunkard and a wretched gambler. He spent all his money on drinking and gambling, and whenever he was at the bottom of his pocket, he stole the jewels of his mother and pawned them. But a time came when he could pawn no more, and searching for some other means of procuring money, he joined a group of men, commonly called the "Shettio", but really a notorious gang of Thugs. In a short time, Roy became an important member of this gang, and had many murders to his account. But, everything he did was "in camera"; he stayed at home throughout the day, and it was only when the cattle returned home and the birds to their nests that he left the house on his sinful errand.

The intelligent mother, however, was not slow to mark the change in her son, and wanted to find out where he went every night. One evening she followed Roy silently, and soon arrived at a temple in a big mango grove, outside the village. Hiding in the shade of one of the pillars, she saw her son enter the temple. To her horror she saw the lad and

some other ruffians, plunge their daggers into the body of a murdered man, triumphantly shouting "Jai Bhavani."

So her son, whom she had caressed and fondled, for whom she had sacrificed her comforts, had spurned her affections, and had joined these angels of Hell! What tears she shed that night; what groans she uttered! At one time she thought of abandoning him to his fate; but after righteous indignation came maternal love. The frail heart of Leelabai was so much strengthened, that it seemed as though she would even "trample and break the mountains like sea-shells, and crush the fair moon like a flower"—for is there aught one could fail to achieve when Love is omnipotent?

The evening was cloudy and stormy when Roy left the temple for the forest on his brutal business; the winds moaned, and the dust and withered leaves lifted themselves into the clouds. But the night was as calm as it had been stormy before. The pale moon shone dimly through the fleeting clouds; the leaves of the trees were as motionless as the mountains. Only the distant murmuring of a brook and the harsh cry of an occasional hyena, broke the stillness of the night. Roy sat quietly on a mound, which was but one of those graves that were scattered there, of the innumerable victims who had fallen as sacrifices to the goddess Kali.

Suddenly Roy awoke from his deep thoughts, as he heard the music of silver bells wafted on the gentle breeze, and the distant rumbling of wheels approaching. As the cart approached, he perceived only a single person in it, and nearing it with a stealthy step, he jumped into the cart, and drove his dagger into the victim's neck. The result was instantaneous. Stripping the body of all its ornaments, he threw the body into one of those pits, and went home.

There he surveyed the ill-gotten gains, and as his eyes travelled over the jewels on his table, he suddenly saw his own mother's ring. Dashing out from his bed, he ran to the place where he had thrown the corpse, and bending over it, saw the angelic face of his mother. Then he understood what it meant. The gods alone can tell what a bitter cup of agony he drank that night, what pain of anguish he experienced. But there, in the midst of the forest, cloaked in the white

shroud of the moon's light, lay Leelabai's corpse and Roy staggered away.

A few months later, a "Sadhu" was seen, with bushy beard and grief-lined countenance, roaming in the forest, often sighing "Mother! Mother!" Very often he would be seen kissing the place where Leelabai had lain—for the place was sacred to him, who had been saved from the "valley of sin" by the redeeming love of his mother. Greater love hath no mother than this, than that she sacrifice her life to save her son.

B. D. EBENEZER,
IV Honours.



Delhi.

DELHI, the city of historical interest, celebrated as the capital of the various Empires that flourished in India from the ancient times of the Pandavas to our own, is endowed with supreme charm and beauty. In the days of the Pandavas, it was called "Indraprastha", and displayed all the magnificence befitting the bygone times—nay it even surpassed its present splendour. It witnessed the glorious reign of the Hindus and after their decline it passed under the sway of the Muslims. In fact it has been the capital of the Indian Empire from time immemorial.

Though many a beautiful building was constructed by the Hindus, all traces of them have been swept away by the current of time. The Kutb Minar constructed by Kutb Shah bears testimony to the general excellence of the art in the days of the Mohammadans. The magnificent buildings, *e.g.*, the Jama Masjid, the Red Fort and the Pearl Mosque erected by the Moguls testify to the perfection of the art of the past. The beautiful and splendid buildings fascinate the traveller's eye, nay, more than that, bear testimony to the fact that the rulers of the past were not rulers only in name, but patrons of learning and art as well.

After the year 1757, Delhi was the decadent capital of the decadent Mogul Empire. In the later days of the English Company it was deprived of its importance, as Calcutta was made the capital of India. But it again rose into prominence in 1911, when at the great Imperial Darbar, the King-Emperor proclaimed his decision that, on account of the central position of Delhi, it should be the new capital of his Indian Empire.

Once in the annals of Indian History it was doomed to destruction by its own King, Mohammad Taghluk, when he ordered that Delhi should be quitted by all the citizens and carried out his order with such ruthless severity that not even a dog was allowed to remain behind.

Many a time it was subjected to the terror of foreign invasion. Once it was Timur the Lame who invaded Delhi with the avowed intention of rooting out infidelism. Enraged at the insolent behaviour of the citizens, he ordered a general massacre and returned loaded with immense booty. The invasion of Nadir Shah, which claims notice, dealt a crushing blow at the dwindling glory of the Moguls. He carried away with him the Peacock Throne, made of gold and set with diamonds and pearls, which adorned the court of the Moguls.

Now that Delhi has been restored to its former rank in 1911, it has been rebuilt to suit the new requirements. Many magnificent buildings have been built; the Assembly Hall, Council Chamber, Clock Tower and Viceregal Lodge. Roads have been constructed and in fact everything has been done to restore its former glory to the city of Delhi.

But in its revived glory there still remain traces of the tragic fate of the ancient kings. While Delhi rejoices over the reborn glory it cannot but shed tears of sorrow over the destroyed Empires and the dead kings who are buried within it, for in the vicinity of the new city are to be seen the ruins of various Delhis that flourished at different periods in Indian History.

Though it has witnessed the glory of numerous kings, the rise and fall of various dynasties, and the tyranny and the terror of kings and foreign invaders, it still remains without the slightest change. As Sarojini Naidu well remarks:—

"But thou dost still immutably remain
Unbroken symbol of proud Histories,
Unageing priestess of old mysteries
Before whose shrine the spells of death are vain."

TARACHAND GUPTA,
Junior Intermediate.



Our Societies

The Nizam College Literary Union.

THE following have been elected office-bearers for the current academic year, in a general-body meeting of the Union:—

Mr. W. Turner, M.A. (Edin.)	..	<i>Ex-Officio President.</i>
„ Asghar Ashraff, Sr. B.Sc.	..	<i>Vice-President.</i>
„ Humayun Yar Khan, Jr.	..	<i>Secretary.</i>
B.A.		
„ Ramaswami Naidu, Sr. B.A.	..	<i>Reading Room Manager.</i>

The following comprise the members of the Managing Committee:—

Mr. Madhusudan	.. IV & V Hons.
„ Sirajuddin	.. III Hons. and Jr. B.Sc.
„ Sheshadri	.. Senior B.A.
„ Rangachari	.. Senior B.Sc.
„ Ramaswami	.. Junior B.A.
„ Gilbert	.. Sr. Intermediate.
„ Tarachand	.. Jr. Intermediate.

The inaugural meeting was addressed by Nawab Zool-kadir Jung Bahadur (extracts from his speech appear elsewhere in the Magazine). Since then three ordinary meetings and one extraordinary meeting have been held, and the following subjects were discussed:—

"Men and Women should be given co-equal rights in State as well as in Society."

"Prohibition is detrimental to the systematic development of Society."

"World Federation is Utopia."

An extraordinary meeting was held on 17th August when Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, in spite of her Doctor's advice, addressed us on "Youth and Tomorrow." We take this opportunity to thank her again.

The Union holds an Extempore Elocution Competition at the end of each term, and the speaker who holds the highest marks at the end of the year is given a cup. The Inter-College debate is held at the end of the year, and the Nawab Lutufdowla Cup is presented to the winners. There is also an Extempore Essay Writing Competition held in the last term.

Under the auspices of the Union, a dramatic performance will be given, Mr. Ramaswami Naidu as its Secretary.

HUMAYUN YAR KHAN,
Secretary.

The Science Union.

President:—Mr. W. Turner, M.A. (Edin.).

Vice-Presidents:—Dr. J. C. Kameswara Rao, D.Sc.

Prof. Ram Rao, M.A.

Prof. M. V. Arunachala Sastry, M.A., L.T.

Chairman of the Managing Committee:—

Dr. Mehdi Ali, Ph.D.

Secretary:—Mr. M. Rangachary.

Asst. Secretary:—Sirdar Abdussamad Khan.

The inaugural address was delivered by Mr. Gulam Ali Mohammedi, B.A., F.C.S., Director of Commerce and Industries, H. E. H. the Nizam's Government, when he spoke on "Technical and Industrial Education."

The distinguished lecturer in a very descriptive manner dealt with the evolution of technical and industrial education in India and then in our State, touching upon the reports of Mr. Mayhew and Sir Ali Imam. He said, "In our State we are actively engaged in adopting various measures for the development of local industries and agriculture.

The efforts of the Government, however, though much to be supplemented yet, cannot bear any remarkable fruits unless they are assisted in them by the fullest co-operation of the people at large. We have always been and, I should say, still are to a great extent a country of cottage industries in spite of the fact that we have been in touch with Europe for nearly two hundred years now. There is unquestionably room in them for a large number of our young men if they elect to devote themselves to any one of them and use their acquired skill and intelligence in organising the manufacturing as well as the marketing sides of them. So the people should turn their attentions to the development of their hereditary occupations and professions instead of hankering after Government service. A boy who finishes his schooling considers it below his dignity to do any work with his hands. This is no doubt due to a great extent to the prevailing system of education which has no place in it for practical education. The system will have to be drastically recast to remove this deficiency." In concluding his address he exhorted "Instead of wasting time in the luxury of studying letters let our old families of farmers and traders turn their attention to the development of their hereditary professions. Let their literates go back to the land of the loom, the shop or the tool. We will have then more activity in our wealth producing and wealth distributing developments and a less number of disappointed and discontented graduate clerks."

The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the speaker and the chair.

M. RANGACHARY,
Secretary.

The Historical & Economic Union.

IN July the election of office-bearers for the above Society for the year 1933-34 was conducted under the Presidentship of Professor B. V. Ramanarsu.

The following were elected:—

S. R. Madhusudan, B.A.	.. <i>Vice-President.</i>
R. Seshadri	.. <i>Secretary.</i>
B. Srinivasa Rao	.. <i>Treasurer.</i>

Professor Qadir Hussain Khan kindly consented to be the President for the year.

The Society intends to organize instructive lectures and debates connected with History and Economics. The object of the Society will always be to create original and independent thinking among its members. Excursions to places of historical interest will also be one of the functions of the Society. If the funds permit, an exhibition of historical antiquities will be conducted towards the end of the year. We trust much on the good-will and kind co-operation of the staff and the members of our Union.

R. SESHADRI,
Secretary.

The Urdu Literary Union.

THE following office-bearers were elected for the current year:—

Professor Aga Hyder Hassan	.. <i>President.</i>
Mr. Syed Kazim Hussain	.. <i>Vice-President.</i>
„ Ahmed Abdul Jabbar	.. <i>Secretary.</i>
„ Sayeeduddin Ahmed Khan	.. <i>Treasurer.</i>

The inaugural meeting was held on 10th August, under the Presidentship of Nawab Akbar Yar Jung Bahadur. The famous Urdu speaker Nawab Bahadur Yar Jung spoke on "The Evolutionary Stages of Urdu Literature in the Deccan."

The learned speaker said that Urdu was created in the Deccan as the result of Alauddin Khilji's invasion and was firmly established during the reign of the Tuglak Dynasty. Though it had been organised in Northern India much earlier, yet the beginning of prose and poetry took place in the Deccan. The Adil Shahi and Kutub Shahi dynasties encouraged and patronised the scholars. But the greatest impetus given was by the Moslem Saints. Of these, Hazrat Khawaji Banda Nawaz of Gulburga was the greatest. After the destruction of Bijapur State, the scholars fled to Golconda. Though Golconda also was conquered by Aurangzeb, yet it was made capital of the Suba. So scholars from all parts of the Deccan flocked towards Hyderabad. After the Mutiny, during the prime-ministership of Nawab Muktar-ul-Mulk, many poets and prose writers gathered round the Nizam. The last effort of Hyderabad to improve Urdu is the establishment of Osmania University.

In his remarks the President said that not only Moslems but Hindus also had to a great extent contributed to the improvement of Urdu literature.

The meeting was attended by a large audience. The Union has not been able to do much as yet on account of the fact that the office-bearers were elected very recently. At the end of the first and second terms we will have Inter-College Elocution and Essay Writing Competitions. The subject which is going to be debated shortly is "The Renaissance in Urdu Literature."

AHMED ABDUL JABBAR,
Secretary.

The Telugu Literary Union.

THE following have been elected as office-bearers for the current year at a meeting held with Vidwan S. V. Shastri, M.A., in the chair:—

Mr. W. Turner, M.A. (Edin.).	..	Patron.
„ K. Seetharamayya, M.A.	..	President.
„ M. Ram Mohan, B.A.	..	Joint-Secretaries.
„ N. Bhaskarachary.	..	
„ S. R. Madhusudan, B.A.	..	Treasurer.

The inaugural address was delivered by Saunidhanam Suryanarayana Sastry Garu of Mahbub College, and Mr. K. Seetharamaiya, M.A. presided. There was a crowded audience and the learned lecturer spoke eloquently on the "Aims of Education." With numerous quotations from Sanskrit and Telugu literature he emphasized the fact that the true end of education was not the acquisition of wealth but the attainment of "Moksha" or salvation. The lecturer finished his discourse amidst a chorus of applause from the audience and the president concluded the meeting with a few telling remarks.

At the next meeting Mr. Narsimham of Senior Intermediate, proposed that, "the present educational system is suited to our Indian women" and Mr. G. L. Narayana of Senior Intermediate led the opposition. The most noteworthy feature of the debate was that more than a dozen students took an active part in it including Vidwan S. V. Sastry, M.A., and Mr. Mahbub of Junior B.A. Class.

A programme for the first term has been prepared which includes debates and essay-reading.

The Union Magazine founded in 1929 is published in manuscript. Messrs. Bh. Narayananamurthy and G. L. Narayana have been nominated as the Joint-Secretaries for the magazine and a prize will be awarded for the best painting contributed to the magazine.

It is gratifying to note that a new spirit of genuine interest in the Union has been evoked among the members and we ardently hope that "the art of writing and speaking in chaste Telugu" which is the chief aim of the Union will be best promoted during this year.

M. RAM MOHAN, B.A.,
Secretary.

The Marathi Literary Union.

UNDER the Presidentship of Professor Kshirsagar, B.A., the following gentlemen have been elected as office-bearers for the current academic year:—

Mr. B. B. Khedgikar, III Hons. .. *Vice-President.*

„ B. L. Cowley, Sr. B.A. .. *Secretary.*

„ G. R. Chaudhari, Jr. B.A. .. *Treasurer.*

Mr. S. G. Bhogle, Sr. B.A. and Mr. V. D. Deshponde, Sr. Inter. were elected Editor and Joint Editor respectively for the Marathi manuscript magazine "Raseek" assisted by an Editorial Board representing all classes.

The inaugural address was delivered by Professor C. N. Joshi, M.A., of the Osmania College on 10th July and the learned lecturer traced minutely the evolution and development of the element of humour in Marathi literature. A large gathering attended the meeting, making it a great success.

The first ordinary meeting was held under the Presidentship of Professor Kshirsagar, B.A., when Mr. Deulgaonkar spoke on "The life and work of the Rt. Hon. G. K. Gokhale." Several other members also spoke on the same subject.

The second ordinary meeting was held and Mr. Phadke spoke on "G. K. Deodhar and Social Work." Then Mr. S. K. Gokhale spoke on "The Present Economic Crisis and Trade Depression" in the 3rd ordinary meeting under the Presidentship of Professor Kshirsagar, B.A.

The Manuscript Marathi Magazine "Raseek" will be published next month, and two prizes will be awarded for the two best contributions, one in prose and the other in poetry.

Extempore elocution and essay writing competitions will be held each at the end of the first and second terms, and the prizes will be given at the Annual Social Gathering.

There are also proposals to start an Inter College Debating competition and a Dramatic Society under the auspices of the above Union, in order to give a dramatic performance on the day of the Annual Social Gathering.

The Union, besides thus encouraging students in the art of platform speaking and Essay writing, knits them closer in brotherhood.

B. L. COWLEY,
Secretary.



Sporting.

Cricket.

MR. VASUDEV was unanimously elected Captain of the Club and the season commenced in the 4th week of June. We have twenty fixtures this season, out of which we have played ten: won three, lost three and drew four.

Sirdar Abdussamad Khan leads in the batting averages with an average of 28.6 for 10 innings. In the bowling averages Mr. Vasudev tops the list with an average of 10.5 runs per wicket.

We have entered two teams in the Salar Jung Tournament.

The following will play for the "A" team:—

1. Mr. Vasudev.	8. Mr. Venkat Swamy.
2. „ Masoodul Hassan.	9. „ Moazzam Hussain.
3. „ Abdussamad Khan.	10. „ James.
4. „ Hashim Ali Khan.	11. „ Partridge.
5. „ Jaipal Kishen.	12. „ Ram Mohan.
6. „ Madan Mohan.	13. „ Humayun Yar Khan.
7. „ S. Mehta.	14. „ Rangashye.

15. Mr. Kishen Lal.

VASUDEV RAO,

Captain.

The Nizam College "B" team opened its season under the Captaincy of I. S. Gorakshakar and played 6 matches upto the date and won three, drew two and lost one; the highest score of the season being 158 for 6 wickets when D. Partridge scored 53 and Minwalla 37 (not out); the successful bowler of the season being James. The team has entered the Salar Jung Cricket Tournament and hopes to fare well.

I. S. GORAKSHAKAR,
Captain.

Football.

THE college commenced its football activities very early this year by beginning with the Inter-class Tournament. The following are the competing teams in the above Tourney:

1. B.A., B.Sc., and Honours combined	"A" team.
2. " " "	"B" team.
3. Senior Intermediate	"A" team.
4. " " "	"B" team.
5. Junior Intermediate	"A" team.
6. " " "	"B" team.
7. Madrasa-i-Aliya.	
8. The Staff team.	

Only three matches have been played up to now, as the college ground was engaged for other matches and so the rest of the matches will be continued immediately after the Inter-College Tournament.

The Principal is taking keen interest in the games by arranging fixtures with the best Military teams and by taking an active part in some of the matches. Besides these, a number of other matches were played with the best football teams of the station; about 13 such matches have been played, of which three ended in draw, two have been lost and the rest were won. This year, the college team is in full form and is making a good impression on the public of Hyderabad. It is putting up a grand show in the Inter-College Football Tournament. It has come to the Finals after defeating the Osmania University College XI "B" team, to the City College "B" team and the Osmania Technical Institute XI.

The College is fortunate enough in having two good additions this year, Messrs. Vardha and Gilbert, in the defence line and most of the forwards of the last year.

In order to create liking and interest for football, the Inter-Tutorial Tournament will also be started very shortly.

The following will represent the College First XI:—

1. Mr. Ramanujam, B.A.
2. „ Madhusudhan, B.A.
3. „ Dakshnamurthy, B.Sc.
4. „ Lakshmiah, S. N., IV year.
5. „ Zaidy, IV year.
6. „ Hashim Ali Khan, III year.
7. „ Vardha, III year.
8. „ Akbar Ali Khan, II year.
9. „ Gilbert, II year.
10. „ Kamalanathan, II year.
11. „ Basheer, I year.
12. „ Humayun, III year.
13. „ Ponday, II year.

S. N. LAKSHMIAH,
Captain.



As Others See Us

United India and Indian States, writes in its issue of the 23rd September:—

THE Nizam College which is the oldest College in His Exalted Highness the Nizam's Dominions, which has English as its medium of instruction and which is, therefore, affiliated to the Madras University and not to the Osmania University, compares very favourably with the other Colleges affiliated to the former University. By its brilliant results in this year's examination, it has fully maintained the high reputation already achieved. Nawab Zulcadir Jung Bahadur, the Educational Secretary to His Exalted Highness' Government, in his inaugural address to the College at the beginning of the present academic year congratulated the College and its worthy Principal on their remarkable success. He mentioned with appreciation that during the past year, the College had a record number of 12 first class passes in the Intermediate Examination. In the B.A. Degree examination the percentage of passes for this College was 66, while the general percentage for the whole of the Madras Presidency and the affiliated States was only 44. The Science results,* remarked the Nawab, were particularly excellent. Fewer students were detained in the promotion examination than ever before, which showed that the general condition of the College has been most satisfactory. The Educational Secretary in conclusion expressed gratification that the Nizam College was pushing forward with an irresistible determination to be first in everything.

*We have great pleasure in referring, in this connection, to the brilliant success of Mr. R. Sundararajan who secured a first class in the B.Sc. Examination with a high rank in the presidency. Mr. Sundararajan needs no introduction to our readers in as much as he has been connected with *The Collegian* ever since its inception.

Note by *Ex-Secretary*.

“The Collegian”

(An illustrated, half-yearly journal conducted by the students of the Nizam College.)

The Magazine has been started in 1932 with a view to afford an opportunity to the students for self-expression in English. All topics of interest to the student-population will be considered by the Editors. The following subjects will deserve special attention: (1) Short stories. (2) Dramas in one act. (3) Humorous and delightful sketches of the classroom. (4) Short poems. (5) Short articles on philosophical, scientific, historical, or economic problems treated in a popular manner.

Controversial articles on religion or politics are not accepted. The Editors reserve the full right to delete or alter portions or the whole of any article. MSS. for publication shall not exceed five pages of ordinary hand. Typewritten articles will be preferred.

It is hoped that the Old Boys will also find in the Magazine the proper channel for bringing together the old and the new children of the *Alma Mater*. Contributions from the *Alumni* of the College also will be welcomed by Mr. Ali Akbar, M.A. (Cantab.), the member representing the Old Boys in the Editorial Board. All the Old Boys are requested to become subscribers of *The Collegian*.

Annual Subscription ..	Rs. 2 only }	In advance.
Price per copy ..	Re. 1 only }	

TO THE ADVERTISERS

The Magazine affords an easy medium for advertising the goods of businessmen in as much as our Journal finds a place in the hands of all the students of the College, present and past, beside the several copies that are sent out to the

other Colleges in British India. The following are the charges for a single insertion in the Magazine:—

Per Full Page Rs. 12 }
Per Half Page Rs. 8 } In advance.

For special places in the Magazine Rs. 20 are charged for a full page and Rs. 12 for half page. The advertisement can be pictorial if blocks are supplied.

Books for review and magazines for exchange can be sent to the Secretary. All remittances, communications and contributions should be sent to the Secretary, 'The Collegian,' Nizam College, Hyderabad (Dn.).



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